# NEW NATIONAL HEARST RIFLE MATCH OPENS

## Navy Department Launches a Shoot for Universities; Trophy Prize for Winner

By LIEUT.-COL. JESS KRUEGER

Chicago, Feb. 9 (US)—A national naval R. O. T. C. rifle match for universities to be sponsored by William Randolph Hearst has just been launched by the navy department in Washington, according to an announcement made today by the bureau of navigation.

Arrangements for this new national shoot were made at the request of Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of the bureau.

The rules of the naval R. O. T. C. match are similar to those for the army R. O. T. C. with such modifications as are necessary to make them conform to naval regulations.

When the firing for record is completed, the targets are to be sent to the Bureau of Navigation, where they will be checked and the announcement of the winners will be made.

Mr. Hearst furnishes a trophy and medals for the championship team.

In a letter of acceptance of the trophy and medals, Admiral Leahy said:

**"On behalf of the Bureau of Navigation, I accept this offer with many thanks to Mr. Hearst. I feel sure that the proposed competition will add to our efforts to improve the state of the national defense."**

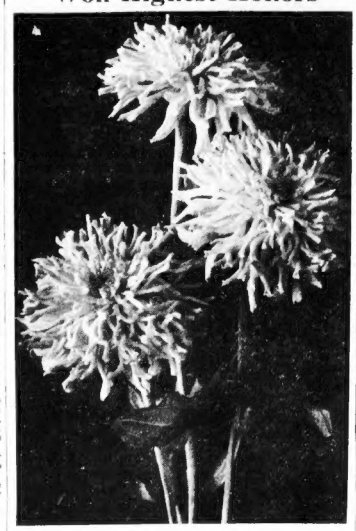
This is the third national rifle contest to be sponsored by Mr. Hearst. The first of these was the army R. O. T. C. match which is now in its 14th successful year and for which there are more than 500 teams entered.

This match alone is the greatest interscholastic event of the year involving as it does universities, colleges, military academies, and high schools all over the United States, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

The second is the National Guard competition in which every National Guard regiment in the United States will participate.

Two thousand specially prepared and numbered targets for use in the R. O. T. C. matches have gone to the 500 teams in educational institutions all over the country.

# Won Highest Honors



*CHRYSANTHEMUM-FLOWERED Zinnias, created last season, were judged the "most unusual" of the newer flower varieties. Resemble chrysanthemums more than they do zinnias. Blooms appear on top of long, straight stems. The flowers have all the brilliant colors and shades of the greatly improved zinnias which have become so popular. Seeds available ONLY to readers of the Boston Sunday Advertiser to encourage greater interest in gardening. See coupon on this page.*

# TIMELY TALK ON POULTRY

By UNCLE TED

*This is the first article of a series, one to be published each Sunday. The object of these articles is to give, by means of diagrams and brief statements, the fundamentals underlying the production of poultry.*

**NO. 1—SELECTING THE BREED**

Care should be taken to obtain healthy, vigorous stock.

Beginners are urged to keep but one variety of a breed of fowls. There is no best breed of poultry. Select the breed that suits your purpose best.

The general-purpose breeds are best suited to most where the production of both eggs and meat is desired. The five most popular representatives of this class are the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Orpington, New Hampshire and Rhode Island Red.

All these breeds, with the exception of the Orpington, are of American origin. They are characterized by having yellow skin and legs and lay brown-shelled eggs. The Orpington is of English origin, has a white skin, and also lays brown-shelled eggs.

The en-called egg breeds are best suited for the production of white-shelled eggs. Representatives of this class are bred largely for the production of eggs rather than for meat production. Among the popular breeds of this class are: Leghorn, Minorca, Ancona, and Andalusian. The Leghorn is the most popular in New England.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the egg breeds is the fact that they are classed as nonsitters; that is, as a rule they do not become broody and hatch their eggs. When fowls of this class are kept, artificial incubation and brooding are usually employed.

The meat breeds of poultry are primarily kept for the production of meat rather than for the production of eggs in large quantities. Representatives of this class are: Langshan, Brahma, Cochin and Cornish.

Although classed as meat breeds representatives of this class are sometimes kept as general-purpose fowls. Each of these breeds is heavier and larger in size than the egg breeds or those of the general-purpose class, and lay brown-shelled eggs.

# Dig Deep for Better Gardens

By EDWARD C. VICK, Home Garden Editor

Where there is considerable garden surface to be dug deeply, the simplest way to do it is by mock-trenching. That loosens the soil down two feet deep, and in ground made soft that deep, most garden plants flourish wonderfully, whether flowers, or vegetables for table use.

It is a simple matter, and the lower foot level of soil may be enriched or limed during the operation.

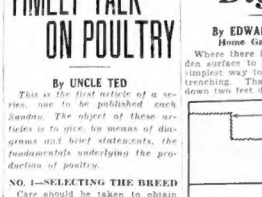
As is important, in this deep digging, to keep the top foot of soil on the top and the lower foot on the bottom, each remaining in their original position. The top is the richer and in it roots get a good, prompt start. Or, as the radio announcers say of gas for automobiles "they get off to a quick start."

If the bottom soil is brought to the top or well mixed with the top soil, growth of plants in it will be returned for several years in spite of the gardener's best efforts. How to perform the operation in a single manner mystifies some, and it is only easily understood by simple diagram.

**SWEET PEAS LIKE DEEP SOIL**

Sweet peas like deep soil, well prepared in this manner, and so also, gladioli and even dahlias, chrysanthemums and many other flowering plants. In vegetables, carrots, parsnips, peas and what are generally considered shallow-rooting plants, as corn, you will make better growth on deeply dug soil.

Each layer, one foot deep, is handled separately, and is simply moved forward without altering its top or bottom positions, with the exception of the first part of the plot which soil is completely moved to the rear. The top and bottom position remaining the same. In time, if properly fertilized and treated, the bottom foot will become almost as rich and fertile as the top.




The start is made by laying out the plot to be dug. Say, for example, it is 12 feet wide and 20 feet long. Across one end of the plot a trench is dug as in diagram A, 2 feet wide and 1 foot deep. The soil removed is kept in a separate pile. Then, as in diagram B, section E is removed across the plot in the same manner and kept in a other year the plan can be extended.

pile by itself. These two piles are removed to the far end of the plot for filling in the last of the trench.

The next step is to throw the section AA in diagram B into the trench made at E. That gives the result shown in diagram C. Finally, as shown in diagram D, the section CC is thrown over to DD and the operation continued until the whole plot has been moved.

**BREAK BOTTOM SOIL FINELY**

The blade of the spade may be only 11 inches long, but that is sufficient. Push the spade down perpendicularly with each thrust the full length of the blade. Take care to break the soil in the bottom section up finely.

Mix stable manure with the bottom soil. If it is heavy add sand, and if inclined to be acid, add some ground limestone also. With the top soil mix old stable manure.

This information is given early so gardeners may have an opportunity to think the matter over and be quite sure the operation is understood. It is really very simple. Preparations may be made in looking up and obtaining fertilizer, ground limestone and sand. Try a little of this deep digging if only for one kind of flowers, such as sweet peas. Compare the results with the results of previous years. Then, if it is worth the effort, an-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# Winter Garden Tasks

Rapid slender growing trees require going over while young and growing fast. Silver Maples, Cut-leaved Maples, Weeping Linden, Scarlet Oaks require heading in several times to take on a bushy form.

Trees near the house or in streets should have high heads to allow unobstructed view from the house and free circulation of air. These seldom require cutting back.

Give a coating or two of linseed oil to rustic work having a smooth surface. Apply on a pleasant day.

Make plant stakes and attach labels for garden use. Also shallow boxes in which to sow seeds.

Examine Lilac bushes carefully for scale insects. If any are present spray on mild days with lime-sulphur.

Where the Winter has been mild, the coldest weather may occur this month and next. Cold nights, move house plants back from windows or protect by placing heavy paper between the window and the plants. Do not leave plants in cold rooms over night.

* * *

Put bottled frames and window frames in order. They will be needed almost as soon as ready.

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**Freeman, Farmer,** Norfolk, docks Monday, Lincoln Wharf.
**Glen White,** Jackson, Newport News, Chelsea.
**Greene,** Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Colon, Charleston, S. C., New York, Philadelphia, Wiggin Terminal.
**L. T. Co., No. 1,** Oster, Fall River, Salem, Chelsea.
**Newton,** Babridge, Norfolk; Charlestown Navy Yard, docks Allen, New York, India wharf.
**Tuscan,** Tatterson, Philadelphia, pier 2, Northern avenue.
**Yarmouth,** Crosby, St. John, N. B., Yarmouth, N. S., Central wharf.
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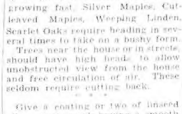

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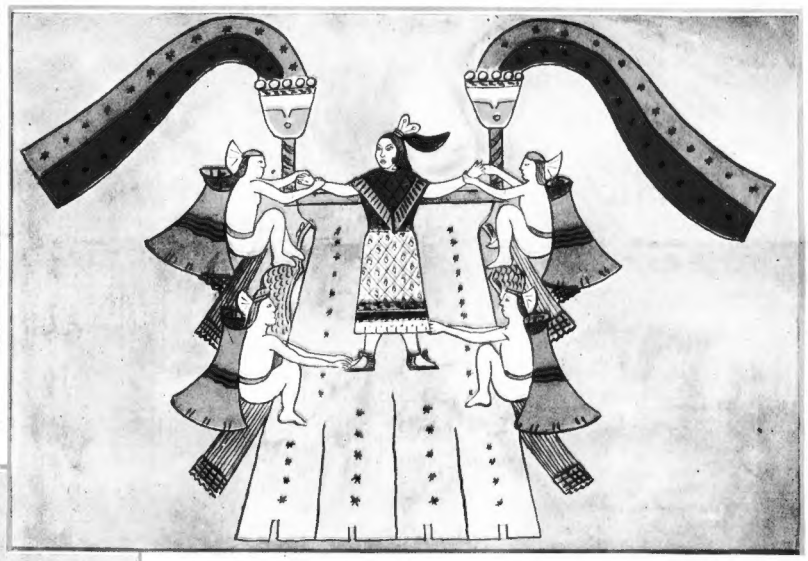
Sunday, Feb. 10, 1935

# Beauty Secrets Of Aztec Belles 700 Years Ago

A Procession of Nine Aztec Goddesses Dressed in the Fashions of the Time and Illustrating the Curious Custom of Painting the Face in Contrasting Colors. *From the Codex Mendocino.*

A Typical Example of Fashionable Aztec Make-Up in Which the Upper Part of the Face Is Painted Yellow, the Lower Part Blue and the Mouth Red With Cochineal. *From the Codex Colombino.*



Four Slaves Preparing an Aztec Lady for a Party; the Make-Up Was Applied by the Women, But the Clothes Were Put On by Men-Servants. *From the Codex Telleriano-Remensis.*

The Aztec Goddess of Corn, Dressed as a Typical Fashionable Beauty. Note the Peculiar Lip Coloring, Eye-Shadow and Long Bob. *From the Codex Magliabecchiano.*

RECENT study of old Aztec paintings found in Mexico reveals some interesting facts about the fashions of the Aztec ladies of 700 years ago in beautifying their persons. It is now known that the belles of this ancient civilization, 300 years before Columbus discovered the New World, were using face-powder, rouges, lip-sticks, hair dyes and other cosmetics.

It is particularly interesting to notice that the Aztec beauties often painted their faces in two colors, as, for instance, red above and black below, or red above and yellow below. As a matter of fact, they painted their bodies all over, but the face received special attention. The favorite color was a yellow cream, called "axin," to which other tints were added to vary the shade. And their favorite powder base was of reddish ochre.

The painting of the face was a labor of art, as the basic color was accented by patches of vermilion, bright blue or green. There were many combinations, surpassing any make-up of the fashionable women of Paris today. Ultra-smart Aztec girls stained the teeth scarlet with cochineal and tinted the lips blue. In some cases the upper part of the face was painted yellow, the lower part tinted blue and the mouth painted red with cochineal. Indeed, particolored faces were much in fashion, as proved by the paintings reproduced here, copied by the Bolivian artist, Senor Guardia-Berdecia, from documents belonging to the Mexican Government, and especially by the procession of the nine Aztec goddesses.

Experts were needed to handle such elaborate make-up and costume, and one picture in the Codex Telleriano-Remensis shows four slaves preparing an Aztec lady for a party. But they were not all maids. Once bathed, massaged, covered with ointment all over, perfumed and painted by her maids, but still without any clothing, the Aztec beauty was ready to recline on a soft couch, while her women sang to her, accompanying themselves on little drums, and men-servants brought her clothes and dressed her.

So elaborate was the use of make-up that a vocabulary was invented to express it, and single words described complicated processes. For instance, one word meant "her face was tinted with red and yellow."

Womanly beauty treatment partook of the character of religion, and the goddess Xochiquetzal, the patroness of love and beauty, received confessions of unhappy love affairs and promised future success. The first essential of beauty care was a mirror. The Aztecs made excellent ones from polished white pyrite.

The ancient Mexican women enjoyed a bath similar to the modern Turkish bath, and skilled masseuses rubbed their skin with refreshing herbs. The Aztec beauties seem to have been nudists, and they often invited eligible young men to bathe with them in the large enclosed bathing pools, which they entered entirely unclothed. Perhaps there were Aztec preachers who criticized these excesses of the young generation.

The Aztec women seem to have had a thorough knowledge of the benefits of soap, and washed themselves with perfumed cakes of it. One of their beauty secrets was the use of the herb "tetzapanxiutl," which had a bitter seed and furnished an excellent skin-softening lotion. Perfume, with all its subtle influence, was used to great advantage by these beauties, and they were able to lure men out of their senses with it. The Aztec beauties kept their teeth in good condition by chewing "tzietli," the original chicle, the base of chewing gum.

Hair-dye was commonly used. One dye made from a rare mineral earth made dark hair a brilliant blue-black, while another gave a girl's brown hair a high lustre. Finger-waves, marcels and even the up-to-date Empire ringlets are not more elaborate than the hair styles of the Aztec Empire. The Aztec beauties displayed several styles of bobs, but many of them wore their hair down to their waist.

The Aztec women appear to have obtained conspicuous results from their beauty care, for their charms were celebrated by the early Spanish invaders. In fact, the great conqueror, Hernan Cortez himself, fell madly in love with the Aztec girl Malinche. But when she met him she was not painted yellow or blue. She wore no jewels or dresses elaborately embroidered, but only the simple costume of a slave. Nevertheless, she understood the old Aztec secrets of beautifying the skin with perfumed soap and herbs.

# Found the Huge Legendary Canyon of Unexplored Mexico

IN the Spring of 1933 an American zoologist named Robert T. Moore was browsing in Mexico. In his conversations with the Indians of southern Sonora he heard almost unbelievable tales of a great canyon in a part of the country few white men ever had explored. The Indians, repeating what they had heard from their fathers and their grandfathers, hinted at a gash in the earth that, to scientist Moore, had all the earmarks of another Grand Canyon. He made up his mind then and there, that some day he would find out whether the natives were talking legend or fact.

Today, the American zoologist has the distinction of having gazed into that half-mythical chasm buried deep in the mountains of the State of Chihuahua, and of making his way down its precipitous sides to wander, spellbound, in one of the greatest of the world's natural wonders.

The canyon is called by the few Indians who live in it and near it, the Barranca del Cobre. It is all that the stories of the Indians painted it and will, in the near future, attract many expeditions of white scientists determined to measure its immensity and learn its geologic and zoologic secrets.

Just how big the canyon is, Mr. Moore can't say until he has made another trip and explored the great gash in the mountains more thoroughly, but at one point the rim of the canyon is all of 6,500 feet above the bottom through which the Uriqui River twists, much as the Colorado River winds through the depths of the Grand Canyon.

The Indians in the neighborhood never had looked at white men before and when Mr. Moore and his three associates made their appearance the natives and their wives and children scampered away like so many wild animals. Some of them finally were cornered and tamed, so to speak, and were able to give some information that will have to be checked. According to one of the old Talamare Indians who was found living in a cave far down one of the steep walls of the canyon the great gorge is more than a hundred miles long and, at its widest point, all of 50 miles across.

Like the Grand Canyon, the Barranca del Cobre, is an impressive bit of natural coloring. Its deeps are filled with a purple haze when the sun does not shine in them and, in the bright sunlight the jagged and stratified sides of the canyon are all colors of the rainbow, but predominantly red, which indicates valuable mineral deposits.

Finding the Mexican wonder of the world which, somehow, has escaped the attention of white explorers, was no easy job. Directions were vague, to begin with, and the Talamare Indian guides who went along with the Americans weren't always sure where they were going. Several times the expedition got lost in the dead ends of blind canyons and had to retrace their steps to penetrate deeper into the mountainous country.

About a week after the exploring party had cut loose from civilization they came into a strangely beautiful country bright with tropical vegetation and cut through with deep gorges which led to wider and deeper cuts in the earth's surface. This gave them promise that they were on the right track and they pushed on. On the twelfth day of the undertaking the explorers came to the brink of a canyon, so large and so colorful that the sight entranced them. They knew that the legendary gash in the surface of Mexico was no myth but an impressive actuality.

The opposite rim of the chasm was barely visible and in between the steep walls cut in the rock by centuries of erosion was an awesome expanse of bad lands similar to those in the Grand Canyon but not quite so brightly colored.

From the rim the explorers undertook to descend into the great gorge. In a long day of the most difficult travel, twisting and turning along a narrow trail, they finally reached a point beyond which they could not go with their pack animals. Here they made camp for the night. They estimated that they were down 3,000 feet below the rim of the canyon and at least 3,000 feet above its rock floor, just discernible through the purple haze

Next day the Americans set out again and just before nightfall reached the bottom of the canyon. The air was stiflingly hot and the scientists were all but overcome by the oppressive heat. Despite this unpleasant condition they stayed on the canyon floor for several days collecting specimens of rock and a few birds and mammals.

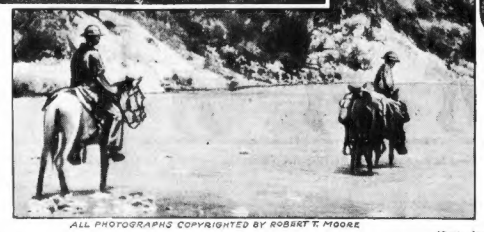
While they were at the bottom of the Barranca del Cobre they had a strange experience. A thunderstorm broke, bolts flashed through the canyon and the din was deafening — but no rain fell.

Back on the rim, Mr. Moore described his experience to an Indian, through the medium of his bronze-skinned guide, and learned that these rainless thunderstorms were believed by the Indians to be a sure sign that the rainy season was about to begin and was a sort of warning to men and animals that all living things should get out of the depths of the canyon because the river, a small, flowing stream in the dry season, would soon become a raging torrent.

Just how the Barranca del Cobre compares with the Grand Canyon will not be known until further exploration has revealed its dimensions.

The Barranca del Cobre, the Famous Canyon of Mexican Indian Legend, as Seen by the Moore Exploration Party, Looking Southwest From the Rim, 5,500 Feet Above the Floor of the Canyon.

Below—Part of the Expedition Crossing a Stream During the 12-Day Trip.



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View of the Barranca del Cobre Taken From the Moore Headquarters Camp, Located on a Shelf Midway Between the Rim and the Floor of the Canyon Looking East.

# The Indian Rope Trick—Is It a Myth? Or, Can It Be Done?

LONDON.

A FEW weeks ago an Indian fakir named Karachi and his young son, Kyder, arrived in this city and took up temporary residence in the town of Devonport. The swarthy faced mystery man promptly attracted a lot of attention by announcing that, with his son as an assistant, he could actually perform the miraculous "rope trick." He offered, in evidence of his claim, the photograph at the right of the page which seems to show a piece of ordinary rope, not attached to anything, standing straight up in the air with the young Indian boy clinging to it, thus defying all the well-known laws of gravity.

It is well to note that no spectators are to be seen in the picture and, as a matter of fact, there was no one about, except a photographer, when the fakir and his boy are said to have done the trick. The photographer, understandably enough, doesn't say whether he believes the miracle was actually performed, or not. He just smiles and says, "Well, there's the photograph."

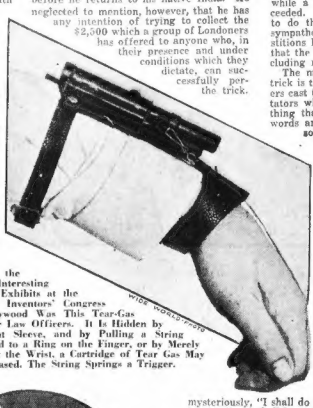
Karachi has promised that he will attempt to convince selected groups of Englishmen that he really can do the rope trick before he returns to his native India. He neglected to mention, however, that he has any intention of trying to collect the $2,500 which a group of Londoners has offered to anyone who, in their presence and under conditions which they dictate, can successfully perform the trick.

Volumes have been written about the Indian rope trick. Many people have come forward who know someone who has "seen it done," but of all the curious investigators who have made special trips to India in the hope of catching some fakir tossing a rope into thin air and making it stay there while a boy shins up it not one has succeeded. Some say that the fakirs are able to do the stunt only in the presence of sympathetic natives filled with the superstitions lore of the East and others doubt that the trick ever has fooled anybody, including natives of India.

The most common "explanation" of the trick is this: that fakirs with hypnotic powers cast their spell on small groups of spectators who imagine they are seeing something that isn't there. By the persuasive words and antics of the fakir they, in a sort of trance, can be made to believe almost anything.

Other seekers after the truth are frank to say that even hypnotism does not come into the illusion, but that it is a matter of deceptive mechanics. The fakir, they believe, always performs the rope trick at twilight and that, in the dim light, the rope tossed in the air catches, by a cleverly camouflaged hook, on a thin, strong wire stretched between two buildings, or between a building and a tree.

Just what goes on, only the fakirs themselves know, and they're not telling. Karachi is tight-lipped about the miracle of magic, too, and says mysteriously, "I shall do the trick. The explanation I shall leave to you."



Among the Most Interesting of the Exhibits at the Recents Inventors' Congress at Hollywood Was This Tear-Gas Gun for Law Officers. It Is Hidden by the Coat Sleeve, and by Pulling a String Attached to a Ring on the Finger, or by Merely Twisting the Wrist, a Cartridge of Tear Gas May Be Released. The String Springs a Trigger.

Karachi, an Indian Magician, Now in Devonport, Devon, England, Who Claims to Be Able to Perform the Ancient Trick Depicted in the Photograph.

# The Hidden Tear Gas Gun

AMONG the hundreds of gadgets recently displayed and demonstrated at the National Inventors' Congress in Hollywood, California, was a tiny device, looking very much like a toy cannon, which should catch the attention of police chiefs and bank presidents all over the country.

This invention is a miniature tear gas gun small enough to be strapped to the wrist and forearm and hidden up the sleeve. Tests of the ultra-modern weapon have shown that the gas cartridge it fires can spread enough gas to send half a dozen people away from the spot where the cartridge bursts and starts exuding fumes.

As the photograph at the left shows, the up-the-sleeve gun is operated by a trigger not in the usual position but well toward the muzzle. This trigger is pulled by a small cord that the operator holds in his hand. The cord is so small that it would not be noticed by the most observant thug and the trigger is so delicately adjusted that a twist of the wrist discharges the pistol.

A squad of police or national guardsmen equipped with this little contraption could disperse a crowd of several hundred people and they would have both hands free for more deadly firearms or for pugilistic action.

In recent years tear gas guns have become increasingly popular with police all over the country. The use of such weapons enabled the officers of the law to break up riots and rout out nests of gangsters without killing the enemies of society or endangering the lives of innocent persons who might get in the line of fire.

The new little tear gas gun is almost as efficient as much larger and heavier weapons of the same sort now found among the standard equipment of many police departments.

# Six Feet of Grace and Beauty

LONDON.

FEW are the members of the fair sex who grow to a height of six feet, and those who do are more often than not excessively long and lean or husky Amazons lacking in feminine charm and beauty. Once in awhile, however, Mother Nature ordains that young women shall be six footers and, at the same time, possess unusual beauty of face and symmetry of figure.

Such a young woman is Mathea Merryfield, the American dancer shown in the photograph at the left. When, a few weeks ago, the dancer made her British debut before a packed house at the Palladium, no one in the theatre got the impression that she has the proportions of those Amazons of ancient times, those broad-shouldered, deep-chested women who did not hesitate to buckle on their swords and do battle with the strongest and most courageous masculine fighters.

Miss Merryfield performed dance after dance—including a fan dance in which clever lighting made it seem that she was in the nude. She wasn't, of course, but the audience got that highly interesting illusion. Ordinarily the theatregoer of the British capital—except in the smaller music halls where people go to see things that they wouldn't expect to see in the leading playhouses—do not wax enthusiastic over such divertissement. But they beat appreciative palms together in an ovation to the American dancer who managed to get considerable esthetic charm into what, in less skillful and charming performer, would have been a "shocker."

It was not until Miss Merryfield took a bow with other members of the company that the audience was aware of her extraordinary height. Then it was seen that she was at least half a head taller than any other girl in the show and exceeded in height by only one or two of the masculine members of the cast. Oddly enough, the young dancer of Amazonian dimensions has, as a pet, one of the smallest monkeys in captivity.

Mathea Merryfield, the American Dancer, One of the Few Performers in England Who Is Six Feet Tall. She Is Shown With a Pet Monkey, Which, as the Photograph on the Right Shows, Takes Part Occasionally in Her Stage Performance.



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# Sang to Her Dead Lover in the Lonely Morgue

## Up From the Chamber Where Lay the Sheeted Bodies of Budapest's Unfortunates Rose the Notes of the Night Club Love Song and There Upon Her Knees Pouring Out Her Broken Heart to Death-Closed Ears They Found the Night Club Star

Piry Singing at the Night Club, Where Her Lover Came to Listen but Never to Speak to Her.

Piry Adam, the Hungarian Singer, Whose Strange Love Story Ended in the Budapest Morgue.

*In the Morgue's Chamber, Where the Dead Lay on Their Slabs, Was the Sound of a Rich Contralto Voice Singing the Night Clubs' Popular Ballad of Passion—"Talk to Me of Other Things . . ." And There, Upon Her Knees Beside the Still Form of the Man Who Had Loved Her but Whom She Had Never Dared to Meet, Was the Night Club Star, Singing to Him for Requiem the Song That Had Been His Favorite in Life.*

Dr. Istvan Pal, Who Loved the Singer.

BUDAPEST, Feb. 1.

"PARLEZ-moi d'autre chose" (Talk to me of other things).

It was just before dawn. With a shiver the assistant warden of the Budapest morgue awoke from his doze. The front door had somehow gotten open, letting in a draft almost as cold as it was down in the icy vault beneath his feet.

He started to close the door but stopped, frozen with astonishment and terror. A splendid, trained, contralto voice suddenly filled the whole building, singing a popular love ballad of the night clubs, singing with a passionate abandon that might have been startling even under ordinary circumstances.

But this voice was coming up from the lonely vault where the dead lay on their cold, gray slabs, and where visitors speak only in whispers.

The thing was so ghostly and impossible that the man trembled as he tiptoed downstairs and peeped in. There, in that frigid gloom, knelt a lovely, young woman, singing to that audience of cold, deaf, sheeted forms, but putting her heart into her voice, as if it were an assemblage of all the crowned heads of Europe.

A mad woman, of course, thought the assistant, quietly closing the door and calling his chief who had already been awakened by the voice. Together they crept up behind the singer. She made no resistance, merely weeping softly as they led her away to the head of the Police Medical Institute to whom she told her story and that of the dead man with a bullet through his heart to whom she had been singing.

There was no insanity, unless love is madness. It was a romance, tragedy and plot, such as perhaps could only have happened in Hungary where blood of the Far East has mingled for centuries with that of the West, the patient and calculating mind of the Oriental with that of the more impulsive European.

"I had to remain unmarried and I had to be chaste," she told the medical official. "My husband insisted that it be so stipulated in the covenant. The courts would enforce it and I knew his detectives were watching."

The woman was Piry Adam, slender dark-eyed, singing star of "Ciro's" smart night club and known as "Piry the unapproachable." Every young rake and man-about-town of the Hungarian capital had seen, heard and admired Piry. At first many had tried to meet and woo this jewel-eied and superbly-gowned beauty. Quickly they learned that it could not be done and the reason was so substantial that they soon ceased trying.

Years ago, a rich cotton merchant happened to be present when a very young maiden with lovely, dark eyes and a deep contralto voice was trying to get a chance to sing at a restaurant. But the voice was untrained, her clothes were shabby and unbecoming, so she was turned down. Two great tears rolling out of those dark eyes touched something in the merchant's heart. Adam's eyes slanted slightly upward toward his temples, with prominent cheek bones and the faintly yellow skin, so common in that country whose plains have so often been swept by hordes of Asiatic conquerors.

He was an elderly man with not too many years of love-life left but that Oriental inheritance made him take his time. He sent agents to learn about Piry, her poor but respectable family and her own blameless record. Then he, himself, called and realized that just as he suspected he was in love once more.

Adam made his proposition so plainly that there was no misunderstanding. He was a rich man and a just man who always kept his covenants and expected the same of others. He was old enough to be her father, knew that she did not love him yet and possibly never would. That risk he was willing to take as did the old Khans and Sultans when they bought young beauties for their harems.

He would marry her, provide amply for her family, give her every luxury while he lived and in his will make her a rich woman. In return he insisted on just one thing. No matter what might happen, she must remain absolutely true to him to the day of his death. Incidentally he would train that voice, as he would cut and polish a rough diamond that had come into his possession.

The bargain was accepted and scrupulously carried out by the merchant. But after a few years, when the girl had blossomed into full womanhood and the thrills of jewels, fine clothes and every other luxury had become rather commonplace, she tired of being chained to a rapidly-aging man. Soon she began to hate him and one day demanded her freedom.

Adam had seen this hour coming and, with a mask-like face, reminded her gently of the terms of the deal. Yes, she knew that but she had been only a child then who did not realize. Now she could not stand things any longer. He must either agree to a divorce or she would get one anyhow.

The Mongol blood beat in the old man's temples. A bargain is a bargain and he was being cheated. A few centuries back, yellow-skinned ancestors of his would have called in eunuchs to strangle such a repudiatress. But this was modern Europe, so he softly asked:

"And you would like alimony, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered, "you have accustomed me to every luxury. I cannot drop back to poverty."

"True," the old man agreed. "See a lawyer and bring him with you whenever he is ready."

The lawyer, wishing to get the most possible for his client, began by demanding more than he had any hope of getting. To his astonishment, the husband, instead of bargaining, doubled the figure.

"Will you create a trust fund of securities, to assure its payment?" asked the lawyer as soon as he could recover his breath.

"Certainly."

"And a covenant providing that she will receive the moneys regularly, signed before we start the divorce action?"

"Indeed I will," agreed the merchant, "an iron-clad and unbreakable one, but it must contain one stipulation. My wife must neither remarry nor be unchaste or all payments cease."

The lawyer protested and blustered. It was unfair, it was inhuman to put such restrictions on a beautiful, vital young woman. He advised his client against accepting it.

"Very well," said the husband, "sue and see what you get."

Since Adam had done nothing wrong, his wife could hardly hope to win a quarter of what Adam was offering. After due consideration the matter was settled on the merchant's terms and the covenant drawn by his lawyers.

After the divorce Piry found herself a fascinating young woman with a princely income but condemned to a lonesome life, for she discovered that her husband's detectives were watching her night and day. What good are youth, beauty, clothes and jewels, except to win masculine admiration? She yearned for it and the men came tumbling over each other but they were all so ardent that she had to dismiss them as fast as they appeared on account of that dreadful clause. It was worse than being married. Could it be that this was a cunningly-planned punishment? If so there was perhaps a way to foil it.

Nothing in the covenant forbade her to use that glorious voice, now perfectly trained, to sing in public, and "Ciro's" gladly offered to star her. The lawyer said it would be all right to become a night club entertainer, so long as she remained chaste, which he supposed was at least theoretically possible. Such were the unusual circumstances which produced that interesting phenomenon of Budapest's night life, a chaste night club singer, "Piry the unapproachable."

Adam's agents reported that Piry was both good and seemingly happy. Like many another prima donna she had sublimated her natural desire for the love of one man into the admiration of the public, the love of a multitude of men. She was happy, but the old man waited with the patience of the Orient.

One evening a waiter handed her an orchid. The singer frowned and told him to return it to the sender with the usual explanation. The waiter said the man was unknown and had told the flower girl to see that she got it. Night after night this happened, with never an intimation of the sender's identity.

This failure to approach piqued the curiosity of the "unapproachable." It was easy to eliminate all the perennial customers except one young, handsome stranger who always sat alone. Nor was it hard discreetly to ascertain that he was Dr. Istvan Pal, a successful young lawyer belonging to a wealthy family. Had he asked to meet her she would have repulsed him even then.

But he made no advances, with the result that first she could not get him out of her mind nor finally out of her heart. The management wondered why every night, she indeed, sang Lucienne Boyer's famous hit:

"Parlez-moi d'autre chose."

She knew it was his favorite song and he knew it meant he, above all men, had touched the heart of the "untouchable." The knowledge thrilled him—and killed him.

Piry went on in a happy dream, sure that soon he would come to her. His family was rich, he was not poor himself and had prospects of great success. She was ready to sacrifice that princely alimony, to live on his income and her salary. Then for three nights his seat was empty and no orchids appeared. Puzzled and lonesome she waited and worried. On the third morning the telephone rang.

"This is Mrs. Pal," said the voice. "My son, Dr. Istvan Pal, has disappeared for three days. I am frightened and do not know how to find him. I know he cared for you desperately. Can you tell me anything?"

The singer could only promise to have him communicate if he should be seen at the club again and, she added:

"And if you see your son first, tell him to call me."

Next morning her heart almost stopped beating at a drained voice on the wire told her that he was Istvan Pal, that he could not go home or to the club the last few days because of a serious crisis in his personal affairs. But when this was settled might he call—he loved her so?

"Oh, you laggard at love!" she scolded tenderly and that wire was busy for a long time with passionate messages flying in both directions. He would have things straightened out most any moment now—and then—ah! then!

That night Piry sang again to an empty seat but after the show she was walking on air as she went to get her wraps from the cloakroom. Just then that same waiter appeared with a tragic face.

"Your orchid man has just been found dead in Hidegkuti Street," he blurted out. "He shot himself through the heart."

Piry made him repeat it several times before she could make herself believe it. Then she asked where he had been taken.

"The morgue," he answered.

"The morgue," she repeated. "The morgue!" And out she ran.

And thus it was that the custodians of that grim place had the shock of seeing a beautiful young woman, at dawn, singing to a lover who was beyond loving or listening.

The police got the missing part of the story from that waiter who had really known Dr. Pal's identity from the beginning and tried to help his romance along. On the night when Pal came to the night club for the last time, he drank more than was his habit. He remained there after Piry left and was slightly drunk by that time. He grew sentimental and communicative, telling the waiter that he loved Piry Adam and he knew that she, too, was interested in him. But he realized that her ex-husband provided her with an alimony so large that if Piry married him and lost this large sum, she would surely miss the luxury she had been accustomed to. He knew he could not offer her anything like that money, so he had decided to play double or quits with fate, and plunged everything he had on the stock exchange.

Finally, garrulous with drink and despair, Dr. Pal confided to the waiter that he had lost everything he had and more, funds belonging to the family and to clients. However, he had got ten his hands on still another fund with which he would make one last gamble. If that lost he was done for.

When that also failed him, he took the shortest way out of his troubles.

Piry still sings at "Ciro's," but there is one song she will never sing again for any living man. She still collects that princely alimony which means that she is still good. But does she get any joy out of those fat checks?

Ask the old gentleman with high cheek bones who now writes them with a smile.

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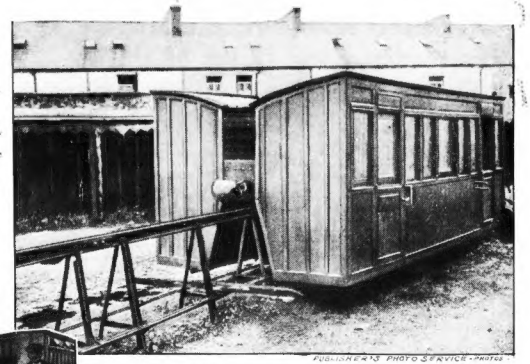
# Ireland's Strange Twin-Coach Railroad That Runs on a Single Track

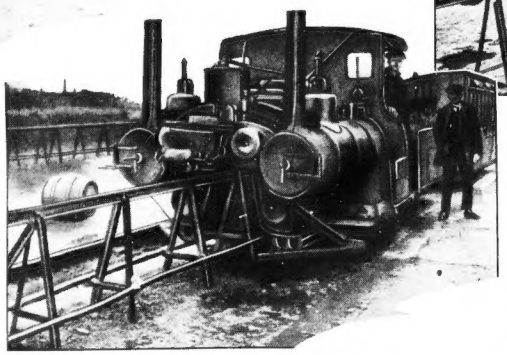
The Twin-Coach, Twin-Locomotive Single-Track Train Ready to Pull Out From Ballybunnion. The Passengers, in Order to Maintain Balance, Are Divided Evenly on Each Side of the Cars

The Two Locomotives, With Separate Boilers, Must Maintain a Synchronized Speed to Travel on the Lone Rail.



One of the Monorail Cars on the Line That Runs Between Ballybunnion and Killarney, Ireland. The Coach Is Really a Double One, With the Single Rail Holding It Up From the Center.

PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE—PHOTOS



UP hill and down dale through County Kerry, Ireland, runs a railroad, the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in the world. From the quaint town of Ballybunnion, at the mouth of the River Shannon, to Killarney close beside the beautiful lakes of the same name, the raised single rail of the line winds for 10 miles or more.

As the photograph shows, the locomotives and the cars of the railroad are cleverly, if a bit amusingly, constructed. The engine and the coaches are doubled or, perhaps, halved is a better word. This arrangement is necessary to balance the train equally on each side of the single rail.

The antiquated looking locomotive has twin boilers and twin smoke stacks. Its cab is divided into two compartments, too, and the engineer sits on one side, counterbalanced by the fireman on the other. The cars, built on the same order, are entered from the outside and there is no passage from one side of the double train to the other.

The people of County Kerry are long since used to their freak railroad and they do not have to be told how to use it, but the conductor has his orders and he always sees to it that the passengers are approximately evenly distributed. If a 200-pounder happens to occupy a compartment on the right hand side of the train, he offsets him, or her, with a couple of 100-pounders on the other or, possibly, one 150-pound parent accompanied by a 50-pound youngster.

It can be judged by the pictures that Ireland's odd railroad is not to be compared with the ultra-modern streamline trains that roll over standard railroad tracks at speeds of better than 100 miles an hour—but the Killarney-Ballybunnion line is not so bad when it comes to moving along and there are stretches when the engineer opens the throttle and sends the train rumbling through the countryside at a good 50-mile clip.

The cars are made of wood over a steel framework and do not weigh anywhere near as much as a standard railway coach. That's one reason that the small engine can pull them at a good speed. Then, too, there are only half as many wheels on the cars as on the standard coaches and this cuts down friction and contributes somewhat to speed.

Natives and tourists who have been taken for a ride on the queer train that runs through County Kerry say that it is remarkably comfortable and that the homely wooden coaches seem to be floating on air. There is no bumping of wheels beneath the cars and the steel framework which straddles the single rail acts as a sort of stiff spring and absorbs the minor shocks caused by the wheels rolling over the rail.

Most of the time not more than two or three cars are needed to accommodate the passengers and freight carried on the line between Ballybunnion and the Lakes of Killarney, but the company owns five passenger coaches and, when traffic warrants, uses them all. The train makes only one round trip a day. From Ballybunnion southward to Killarney the train is called the "down train" and on the return trip it is called the "up train." The engineer is an accommodating fellow who knows everyone along the line and will stop almost anywhere to pick up or put off passengers or goods.

The country between Ballybunnion and Killarney is as varied at it is beautiful, and typically Irish. At times the train rolls along the seacoast in sight of little fishing villages with their boats pulled up on the shale beaches or dropping their nets far out on the North Atlantic. Sometimes the single track drops down into wooded valleys and climbs up to cross deep gorges.

The area that the strange train serves is rich in ancient history—of invasions by the Norsemen back in the ninth and tenth centuries and later wars in which the kings of Ireland battled to hold their island domain against the invasions of soldiers from England and the Continent. Back in 1579 the Spanish managed to land a force at the entrance of Limerick harbor and they built a rugged stone fort to hold the land that they had won, but they were soon driven back to their galleys and out of Erin.

# Demon Chasing in Mexico

MEXICO is a much different place than it was in the adventurous days when the Spanish Conquistadores were slashing through its jungles and looting its temples of gold and jewels. It has most of the advantages of twentieth century civilization. But the country clings, largely for sentimental reasons, to some of its old customs and traditions—among which are strange religious ceremonies intended to send evil spirits flying to other parts.

The photographs below show two grotesque masks which recently were worn during a festival in Puebla, an ancient city about 150 miles inland from the port of Vera Cruz. The dancers who covered their dusky faces with these masks went through their paces much as their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them. They stamped their bare feet and flourished their arms. Strange howling sounds came from their mouths. They were, they thought, scaring away demons and making Puebla a better place in which to live.

A careful study of the masks reveals that they are not more than one hundred years old, but it is believed that they are very similar in appearance and construction to the ceremonial false faces which were used to frighten away devils in that part of the world years before the first white man set foot on the Western World. Many such masks are preserved in Mexico's museums.

On Religious Holidays and When Festivals Are Held, in Puebla, Mexico, the Celebrants Make Use of These Masks to Frighten Away Demons. The Use of Masks, Such as Are Shown Here, Is Probably Traceable to the Rites of the Indians, Before Christianity Came to the New World. The Ceremonies Today Are a Curious Mixture of Faith and Superstition.

PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

# Costume From the Sea

OLD KING NEPTUNE himself would approve of the outfit that Betty Dodge, pretty visitor to Miami Beach, Florida, is wearing on the sands of that Southern resort.

The skirt of the costume—which looks as though it were borrowed from some dusky Hawaiian belle—is fashioned entirely from dried seaweed and it has a belt of seashells. The "jewelry" which goes with the ensemble is made of small and carefully selected shells, some of them strung into a necklace, others fastened about the ankles and a couple of somewhat larger shells used as earrings. The bodice of the primitive frock, if it can be called a bodice, is a big starfish which the young woman is holding in place until a couple of strings of shells can be devised to keep it firmly fixed to her tanned torso.

Miami Beach, being the fashionable place that it is, the other feminine visitors to the place did not rush to pick up and assemble similar outfits. They were amused by Betty's originality but did their sun bathing and their swimming in fetching modern bathing suits.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Miss Betty Dodge, of Miami Beach, Wearing a Striking Costume of Seaweed, Shells, and a Starfish.

This remarkable photograph of a mourning dove, taken an instant after it was launched in flight, was made by a high-speed camera at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The exposure required only one-50,000th of a second, and reveals something that aeronautical engineers may well bear in mind. The right wing is moving downward. Every one of the feathers in it is overlapping, so that as little air as possible will be forced between them, thus cutting down the bird's speed. The left wing is moving up, and the feathers on the edge of the wing are turned, so that the air can pass between them. This cuts down resistance and makes it easier for the dove to raise the wing in preparation for another downward thrusting stroke. Man has conquered the air, but the birds still surpass him in the fine art of flying.

# Creatures of Ocean's Depths Collect Relics in Old Cook Stove

FIVE years ago Austin Porter, a Campobello Island, N. B., fisherman, wished to get rid of an old cook stove that had lost its baking qualities and was otherwise well worn out. So he loaded it into his boat and a few miles off-shore near the Wolves Bank buried it in a watery grave forever—or so he supposed.

Recently, however, Lionel Newman and Douglas Newman, also Campobello fishermen, were off the Wolves hauling trawl. The line came very hard and evidently had caught on something. Their united efforts brought a large black object to the surface. Visions of pirate plunder, of a sea chest full of Spanish doubloons or bars of buccaneer bullion lent them strength to get the find over the rail into their craft. When they had scraped away the heavy growth of seaweed and barnacles they found they had—well, Porter's old cook stove.

But that wasn't all. From the oven came weird scratching noises, faint knocks. Then the startled fishermen saw the door slowly swing open and out crawled a three-pound Bay of Fundy lobster. At 30 cents a pound that was modest treasure, but the treasure chest wasn't empty.

From it the two fishermen took the broken-off end of a billiard cue, a perfectly good billiard ball, an empty tin tobacco box, a blackened briar pipe with no stem, a timer from a small automobile engine, an empty square-faced gin bottle and three bottles of Canadian brewed ale—all full! Porter denies that any of these articles were in the stove when he dumped it overboard.

The finders suggest that maybe Davy Jones has been running a Lobster Night Club down there for the crustaceans smart set.

Lobsters have been called "the pigs of the sea" because they are scavengers. They crawl about the ledgy ocean bottom and, apparently, eat about everything that comes within reach of their powerful and heavily armored claws. But there are only a few instances when evidence has been found that they are acquisitive and go around picking up and saving things that can't be eaten.

If Fisherman Porter's memory serves him right and, as he asserts, the old cook stove was empty when he threw it into the sea, then the strange assortment of articles found inside the stove must have been collected on the ocean bottom and carried into the stove by some creature, or creatures, with the ability to grasp and carry.

Many fishermen about Campobello are frank to say that the odds and ends were inside the stove when it was thrown overboard. Others stand by Porter and believe, as he does, that lobsters picked the collection of stuff off the bottom and toted it to the iron box they had moved into "like a family of marine squatters." To buttress their contention they tell stories of strange things that have been found in lobster pots that were empty when they were dropped into the sea.

One fellow recalled that he had discovered a rusty monkey wrench among a catch of lobsters, and another told of a time when he found a jackknife and a couple of lead fish-line sinkers in with the day's catch.

The fishermen who unwittingly brought the discarded stove back to the surface are sure that Porter is telling the truth because, they say, he isn't the sort of fellow who would throw away good Canadian Ale.

They know that the brew was palatable and potent because they knocked off the bottle caps and downed the hoppy liquid as soon as they had cleared the stove of its assortment of jetsam and plunged it back to Davy Jones' Locker.



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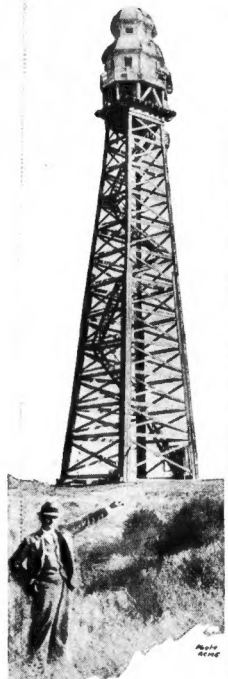
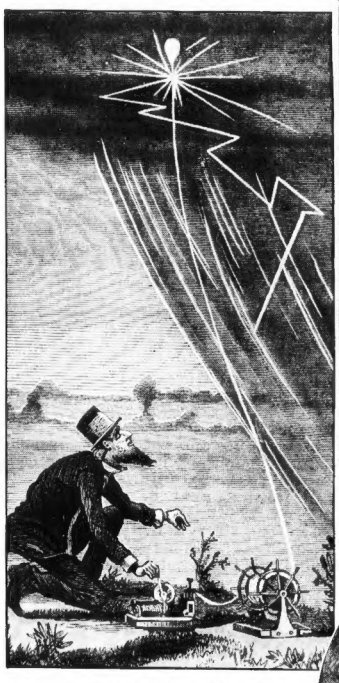
# Odd Schemes to Make Our Own Weather

## *Gigantic Tubes and Towers to Suck Up Warm Air From Plains and Valleys and Change It Into Rain Clouds, Electric Towers to Drive Away Snow Storms, Dust and Gas Clouds to Temper Summer Heat and Other Queer Devices*

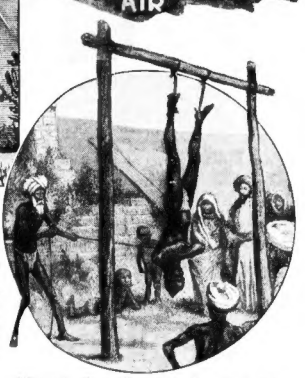


A Tower for Fog and Frost Control, Invented by Mr. William Haight, of Los Angeles, Who Claimed Some Success for It.



Somewhat Sarcastic English Cartoon of Fifty Years Ago, Portraying "American Method of Rain-Making" by Sending Up Highly Electrified Balloons.

*Diagrammatic Picture Illustrating the Coop Plan of Using Huge Tubes to Draw Up Warm, Moisture-Laden Air From Valleys and Discharging It Into the Cold Atmosphere of Mountain Peaks to Produce Rain Clouds.*



Still Another Way of Rain-Making Practiced in India, Where the Rain-Maker Is Suspended Upside Down and Then Pulled To and Fro.

EVERY time the weather does something unusual hundreds of inventors bob up with plans to bring it back in line or make things more comfortable in some other way. During the great drought in the Middle West last Summer, the Weather Bureau in Washington was deluged with letters, telegrams and visits from geniuses with schemes for making artificial rain. If this Winter proves to be an unusually cold one, as some weather prophets predict, there will be another crop of plans to prevent cold Winters by changing the course of the Gulf Stream or lighting fires on mountain tops or something else.

One scheme proposed for making cooler weather in Summer is to add more nitrogen gas to the eighty per cent of it already in the air. In Russia, plans were made two years ago to prevent snow by an electric method, the exact nature of which was kept secret. A special tower was built and some kind of electric energy sent out. It snowed just the same as usual in Moscow that year and apparently this plan has been dropped, although other Russian engineers now are trying to make rain when there is none, in the arid deserts east of the Caspian Sea.

Other rain-making schemes brought forth by recent droughts range from a Dutch plan to scatter super-cooled ice crystals from aircraft to a scheme to send a flight of airplanes up in a vast spiral, apparently with the idea of punching some kind of hole in the sky so that water would run out of it and cause a deluge.

One of the most interesting schemes is that of Mr. John Coop, of San Bernardino, Cal., who suggests building huge towers and tubes to suck up warm air from earth's surface and discharge it into the high cold air, thus producing rain clouds. The pictorial diagram at the upper right-hand corner of this page was drawn from sketches made by his brother, Mr. Charles T. Coop.

Meanwhile the weather scientists are extremely skeptical. They regard most of the schemes proposed as visionary and even wrong in theory. A few of the schemes are admitted to be all right theoretically, but useless in practice because of the vast amounts of materials or energy required. It has been computed, for example, that it would take more than a thousand tons of super-cooled ice scattered from airplanes to produce one inch of rain on one acre of farm land.

Yet science has been skeptical before about things which finally have been done, and even the scientists admit that some day some lucky inventor may find a way really to influence the weather, either to increase or decrease rainfall or to change the temperature.

One American plan similar to the Russian to cure drought was tried last Summer in Texas by Mr. Fulcher Armstrong, a local airport manager, and Mr. E. L. McAfee, a manufacturer of ice and other refrigerated products. The idea was to scatter powdered "dry ice" from an airplane, this "dry ice" being scores of degrees colder than ordinary ice. No great success was reported, nor did the weather scientists expect any. Only a few hundred pounds of dry ice could be carried in an airplane, and this amount would cause only a tiny amount of rain, even if there were enough moisture in the air to cause any rain at all. Usually, under drought conditions, there is not any.

A similar scheme proposed to the Weather Bureau during another drought and hot spell a few years ago, was to build an enormous fence or wall consisting of blocks of ice. Winds blowing against this were expected to be cooled, so that rain would fall on the leeward side of the ice wall. Probably a little such rain would fall if there were any moisture in the air; or, what is more likely, some water might condense on the ice-cold fence itself, just as moisture condenses in hot weather on the outside of a pitcher of ice-water. The trouble is the enormous amount of ice that would be needed. Weather Bureau experts computed, in this case, that the cost of rain obtained by such an ice fence, even if it worked at all, would be about $20,000 for enough to arrigate an acre of land.

The scheme to cool off hot weather artificially by a curtain of some gas in the atmosphere breaks down for the same reason. Nitrogen, once suggested for this purpose, would not be much good, as the air already consists largely of this gas and no important change would happen from adding more of it. However, there are gases which do intercept heat rays. Layers of these gases spread high in the air might cause more of the sun's heat to be reflected back into outer space and thus make the weather cooler—if anyone could devise a scheme for providing the millions of cubic miles of such gas which would be necessary.

Another scheme which got tried out several years ago in China was to spread a curtain of dust in the air. Two effects were expected. One was that the dust would cut off some of the sun's heat, so that the hot Chinese Summer would be less oppressive. The other was that the dust particles would act as nuclei around which water drops would condense, so that rain also would be produced. In some degree both of these things might work, if there were some moisture already in the air and if there were enough dust. After great volcanic eruptions it has been observed that world temperatures may average a few degrees cooler than at other times, presumably because of the many cubic miles of fine rock dust which such explosions hurl high into the atmosphere and which acts like a vast awning.

Other schemes proposed during the recent drought involved sprinkling in the air droplets of chemicals which attract water. Sulphuric acid is one of these, but its proposers forget that while it would attract the water, if there were any, it also would produce a corrosive rain which promptly would eat its way through all the metal roofs underneath, as well as into the skins of inhabitants who happened to get sprinkled.

Another and less corrosive chemical, calcium chloride, recently has been tested by scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the control of fog by persuading the small water droplets in the fog to collect into larger drops which then fall as rain. In a sense, this is artificial rain making. But the Massachusetts scientists do not expect to do more than to clear paths through the fog at harbors or airports by means of large quantities of the chemical solution sprayed out of pipes. Any control of weather in this way is unthinkable.

A few years ago another experiment on making rain out of fog by dust scattered from airplanes was carried out at Cornell University, and was described at the time in The American Weekly. The dust scattered was highly electrified before being set loose. The hope was that this electrified dust also would attract fog particles and make them condense and fall.

Some success was attained, but the amount of dust and number of airplanes required were again found to be out of proportion to the results obtained.

It is true enough that electrified particles of any kind often do act as the central nuclei around which raindrops collect. As long ago as 1880 a United States patent was issued for one scheme of making rain by means of electrified balloons or kites. Again, the practical obstacle is the vast amount of electric power which would be required.

In the early days of radio many people expected weather changes to be worked by some electrifying action of the radio waves. In 1929, when radio first began to be introduced in Hungary, this happened to coincide with a spell of exceptionally cold weather. In several villages the peasants blamed the cold on the new-fangled antennas and promptly tore them down.

Actually, there are two objections to the schemes of changing the weather by radio. One is that the power required would be millions of times that of all the world's radio stations put together. The other is that Nature itself always has been manufacturing waves just like radio waves in the form of the "static" sent out by thunderstorms. If these have not affected the weather, there is little likelihood that man-made radio ever would affect it.

There is one way, however, in which a man might start a thunderstorm with a match, provided everything in the atmosphere is all ready to make the thunderstorm. This is by lighting a large fire, or even a small one.

Fires overheat the air close to the ground and may set this air to rising, like smoke going up a chimney. Such columns of rising air are what create thunderstorms, as was explained in these pages a few weeks ago by Professor J. C. Jensen. Accordingly, it often happens that a large fire like a forest fire, does generate a thunderstorm, which sometimes helps to put out the fire.

The difficulty with this plan is that the atmosphere seldom is sufficiently saturated with moisture or in the various other conditions necessary for a thunderstorm to start. If these conditions are right, the thunderstorm usually starts anyway. If the conditions are not right, it makes no difference how large a fire is built, there will be no thunderstorm and no rain.

Another of last year's crop of weather schemes was based on this same idea of making air rise artificially, so that the colder temperature of high levels in the atmosphere might condense the moisture contained in the air that rises. The new plan, however, was to use giant fans instead of fires, and to blow the air upward with these.

Still another plan, based on the same general idea of getting warm, moist air from lower levels up to higher levels is the Coop one previously referred to. The idea is to construct gigantic towers or tubes, open at both ends and reaching from the ground level to some level high in the air. Surface air is expected to rise through these tubes, mix with the colder air above and cause a fall of rain.

In mountainous country, Mr. Coop's plan is to run corrugated iron tubing from the foot of the peak to the top. An incessant draft, he says, would be started sucking up the warm air of the valley, "sending it with a roar to the peak inside the tubing, while the cooler air would descend on the outside of it."

Mr. Coop would build these tubes around the mountain about 1,000 feet apart. In flat country such as Kansas, Iowa, parts of Texas, and so on, he suggests erecting towers anywhere from 100 to 1,500 feet high, their bases one acre in extent and a mile apart. These would suck up the warm air in the same fashion. Central fans in the tubing would be revolved by the upward rush of air. These fans he figures could be harnessed and their power be used to turn dynamos, which in turn would bring out cheap electric power.

Such devices as Mr. Coop suggests undoubtedly could be built, perhaps no more expensively than the "three bell" suggested some time ago to cross the whole United States from north to South, or than other schemes of governmental relief work. The scientific comment on Mr. Coop's scheme is, however, that if there is not enough moisture in the air close to the ground to make rain, there will be no rain even if this air does move upward into the colder atmosphere.

Another plan often suggested has the advantage that it is expected to provide this missing moisture. This is to create new lakes or other artificial water bodies in desert or semi-desert lands.

Once more, the reply of the weather experts is that this plan will work to a very limited extent but not more than that. If a large lake can be created, the weather may be improved for a mile or two around the lake shores, but the effect on the climate of the whole country will be negligible.

Any real plan to influence the weather either must use enormous amounts of water or energy or else it must manage, somehow or other, to disturb slightly the delicate balance of Nature, so that Nature's own forces are used to create the desired effect. One of the most recent suggestions of this kind is to use sound waves.

That loud explosions create rain is an old idea. Indeed, just after the Civil War, the United States Government spent some thousands of dollars and many hundreds of pounds of surplus ammunition left from the war in testing this idea in some of the almost rainless regions of Texas. Nothing was accomplished in the way of making rain, although a good many nearby cardrums are reported to have been damaged by the explosions. Other schemes have been proposed for exploding balloons filled with explosives or setting these off from airplanes, as in one scheme also tried in Texas only this year.

In fact, rain-making by explosions seems to be a complete myth.

There exist, however, kinds of sound waves, newly discovered and studied by the scientists, which agitate extremely the atoms of the air and the molecules of water vapor or other compounds which happen to be floating among these atoms. If precisely the right kind of sound wave could be sung through the air loudly enough, possibly something might happen — although again the singing machinery needed to create these rain-making sound waves might use up all the power available on earth, so ... nothing of what the powerful singing waves themselves might do to human beings who had to endure them while the rain was being sung out of the skies.

William Haight, a Los Angeles inventor, has reported considerable success in fog and frost control by means of an "electrodrome" tower built at Whittier, California. This tower is said to discharge negative electric currents into the atmosphere, which are supposed to have two functions. One is to induce condensation of atmospheric moisture into high cloud areas, protecting citrus fruit from frost. Second, it is claimed that this can condense and dissipate ground fog, thus keeping airports, harbor entrances, and so on, clear, and also creating clear areas around ships equipped with smaller apparatuses.

And, of course, there are hundreds of ideas for making rain which have no science at all to commend them. The Hopi Indians of the Southwest invoke the showers by dancing with rattlesnakes in their mouths. Even in India the "rain-maker" is hung head down in a frame, and his assistant swings him back and forth. So far as results are concerned, these unorthodox methods are quite as successful as any others yet tried.

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# From Beggar To Stage Star In Three Nights

THE "big chance," for which so many people in this world are waiting, may often pop up when least expected—in a guise that makes recognition difficult—and if not seized at the right moment, may be lost. No one knows this any better now than William Britton, a 43-year-old "busker," who sneered at opportunity the other day in a London street, without realizing what he was doing.

In London, a "busker" is a person who "entertains" the people waiting in line to buy theatre tickets. "Buskers" have long been an institution in the London theatrical district, where they are looked upon with tolerant good humor, frequently laughed at, and occasionally tossed a penny or so. Sometimes they try to earn their supper by doing stunts, or performing tricks. Sometimes they play musical instruments, and sometimes they sing.

William Britton was a singing "busker." He has a lyric tenor, and people who know him say he sings his songs with a pathos and sincerity born of his own hard struggle with life.

At the age of 14 he started to work as a miner in a pit at Aberdare, and that is not an easy life for a youth. But it was security, of a sort. It brought wages enough for food and shelter, and warm clothing. Others could complain all they wanted to about this and that, but as long as he had steady employment, Britton saw no reason to grumble.

"Oh, there are worse things in this world than being a miner," he used to say. "Suppose there was no work for us to do at all. Now that would be something to be disgruntled about. But as it is, what have we got to be making ourselves miserable over? We get enough to eat."

A cheerful fellow, Britton often sang while at work, and in the evenings he was always in demand. "Come on, William, old boy," his friends would say, "Give us a song so we can forget the day's weariness and the toil that is in store for us tomorrow."

Always obliging, Britton would sing the old favorites, the ballads they liked to hear, and the miners who gathered around to listen would forget everything except the hope they had when they were young.

"You're as good as Harry Lauder," his friends would say. "You should be singing in London for the swells."

But William would laugh, and flex his muscles.

"I'm a miner. No one would pay to hear me sing."

Then something happened. William did not understand it, and his friends did not understand it. In fact, no one in the whole world seems to understand it. But all at once, factories began to close and the mines shut down, and the streets were filled with men out of work. Although he searched far and wide, it seemed to Britton that he would never find employment again.

He refused the dole.

"I won't accept charity," he said, "and I won't beg. But London is a big place. Perhaps there is room in London for another man who is willing to work."

So he hiked to London, sleeping under hedges on the way. He washed dishes and drove trucks. He turned his hand at any odd job that would help him to keep body and soul together.

He slept in lodging houses where often there were more rats than lodgers. Sometimes he walked the streets all night in the rain, fighting off the cold. Occasionally, his

**A Well-Dressed Man Tossed a Card in William's Hat, Instead of a Penny, and That Made the Singer Angry. "You think you're smart," He Snarled, Unaware That This Incident Was to Be the Turning Point in His Unlucky Career.**

despondency drew him to the Embankment, where he would lean against the parapet and stare down at the water of the Thames, and at such times the only way he could conquer his despair was by singing. One night as he was singing to himself on the Embankment, another unfortunate came close and said: "If I had a voice like that I would sing for my supper."

Britton shook his head.

"Who would pay?" he asked, and the other replied: "People in queues waiting to get into the theatres. They throw pennies into the hats of blokes with voices not half as good as yours."

"But tell me," Britton inquired, "where are they?"

"Over Piccadilly way, somewhere around Shaftesbury Avenue. There's plenty of theatres there."

So William became a singing "busker," and sometimes luck was with him and he earned enough for a bed as well as supper. But sometimes it was not, and he had to content himself with coffee and a roll, and a corner in some passageway, or mews. It all depended on the mood of the crowd, and the moods of crowds are fickle.

It was drizzling rain one night, and William was singing with his hat in his hand, in spite of the rain. He thought he was singing better than usual, too, and felt sure that the people in the line were moved by his song, and would be generous.

Then a well-dressed man tossed a card in William's hat, instead of a penny, and that made William mad. He stopped singing and snarled:

"You think you're smart, don't you?" The people in line laughed, and hurt by this as well as by the insult, Britton shuffled away, muttering to himself.

Then he started to tear up the card, but out of curiosity he glanced at it first by the light of a lamp-post just to see the name of the "toff" who had tossed it in his hat, as if to say: "Here, eat that!" When William saw what was on the card he whistled—for under the name was a line that read: "Manager, the Prince of Wales Theatre."

"Heaven help me!" William groaned. "And I snarled at him!"

The next day Britton called on the manager and apologized: "You see how it is, guv'nor—I was hungry." The manager nodded: "I think the incident will make a good skit—just what I need to liven up my show. Because, you know, you have got a good voice, and you start tomorrow night." And when William's "busker" friends heard of his luck they chipped in enough money to keep him off the street so his voice would be in good trim for his opening at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

# Plane Shot Down By Boy With Toy Rifle

JIM BROWN and Noel Faulkner, Oklahoma aviators, were flying home the other day after a barnstorming tour through Kansas. It had been a profitable trip and they were light-hearted and contented—their plane ship-shape and the motor roaring smoothly. It was a perfect day for flying—not a cloud in the sky, and good visibility. At Topeka they had refueled, and they were cruising low, at an altitude of 200 feet, taking in the countryside—Brown at the controls and Faulkner in the rear cockpit.

"This is the life, all right," Brown thought, and then he heard a sound that made him grow tense and alert. It was a shrill whine, and in the split-second that he heard it he knew it was made by a bullet, tearing through the air, toward the plane. The thought flashed through his mind:

"There's not one chance in a million of a bullet hitting an airplane!"

But at that same instant he heard a sharp ping from snapping metal, and the motor began to cough. He turned around and shouted to Faulkner:

"Somebody shooting at us!"

Faulkner nodded and, unable to make himself heard against the wind, pointed toward the fuel line, where a thin geyser of gasoline was spraying into the air. Cold perspiration popped out on Brown's forehead. If that escaping gasoline hit the exhaust pipe, they were lost! Any instant the plane might burst into flames, and if it did that, they would be fatally burned before they would land. Instinctively, he shut off the ignition—but that was a useless precaution, for the motor was already dead. He banked the plane, putting the disabled ship at an angle, to drive the gasoline spray away from the fuselage, and then started looking for a place to alight.

**"There's not one chance in a million of a bullet hitting an airplane," the Pilot Said. But Now, a Sharp "Ping" Was Heard, and the Motor Began to Cough. "Somebody's shooting at us," Brown Shouted to Faulkner.**

With only a 200-foot altitude, he had no time to lose. The plane was settling, and each second brought the ground closer. If he did not act quickly, the ground would soon be rushing at them—and the wrong kind of ground, too. Ahead were woods, and on either side the terrain was broken by hills and gullies.

He glanced over his shoulder at Faulkner, who read his mind and pointed toward the rear. Behind them was a pasture—over which they had been flying when the shot was fired. Brown craned his neck and made out a figure in the pasture, evidently the person who had fired at them, for there was no one else in sight.

Brown gritted his teeth. All right, just let that bird take another shot at them, whoever he was! He brought the plane around, nose down in a wide swoop, and steered toward the pasture. The altitude had fallen off to less than a hundred feet, but from the downward swoop the plane picked up enough momentum to coast a bit—so Brown straightened out on an even keel. They were sailing straight for a string of power line poles, but he had no choice now. He had to run the risk, for below were trees. Maybe they would clear those high voltage wires and maybe they would not. He pulled on the stick, and caught a few feet of precious altitude, just in time to coast over the wires, with less than a yard to spare.

Then he put the nose down, and skimmed over the pasture to a three-point landing. As the plane came to rest, Faulkner pointed toward a motionless figure, about thirty yards away.

"There he is!" Faulkner shouted. "There's the guy who shot at us!"

Brown leaped from the cockpit, and after hastily shutting off the leaking fuel line, he turned to see what manner of person had brought them down. World powers, dreading another war—or hoping for one—have been hard at work for some time perfecting anti-aircraft guns and training gunners. But the most skillful military experts, with high-powered, quick-action guns that can shoot into the air a mile or more, have never attained any remarkable degree of efficiency in bringing down airplanes.

So even though they were hopping mad, Brown and Faulkner were curious for a good look at the marksman who had bagged them on the wing, but when they saw the sharpshooter at close range they were astonished.

Too scared to run, a 12-year-old farm boy—clad in overalls—was staring at them, with his eyes wide and his mouth open. In his clinched fists he gripped a .22 caliber rifle.

"Well, can you beat that!" Faulkner exclaimed. "I'd have bet you a thousand to one it would have been as easy to bring down an airplane with a pea shooter."

"Hey, boy, what's the big idea?" Brown demanded. "Haven't you got better sense than to go around shooting at airplanes?"

At first the youth was so paralyzed with fright he could not make his jaws work, but when he did, he quavered:

"I wasn't shooting at you—I was shooting at a rabbit."

"A rabbit!" Brown snorted. "My gosh, how high do the rabbits jump around here?"

"Now, come on, son," Faulkner said, "we aren't going to hurt you, although we ought to whale the tar out of you. But tell the truth—you did take a crack at us, didn't you?"

The boy hung his head, and mighty marksman though he was, he seemed to be on the point of bursting into tears. His lip trembled, and he nodded:

"I couldn't help it, mister. I never thought I'd hit you. Honest, I didn't."

"Yeah, who would?" Faulkner muttered. "With a .22 rifle!"

"Look here, boy," Brown said. "Don't you realize what a serious thing you did?"

"Yes, sir. I do now."

"Well, you ought to. It's lucky for us we're alive. I suppose you would have felt mighty proud of yourself if you'd seen us crack up, wouldn't you?"

"No, sir—I wasn't trying to do you no harm."

"What made you do it?"

"I don't know. Something just got into me. I'm all the time seeing airplanes flying through the sky, making a lot of noise, and looking like they owned the world—and every so often I kind of think I'd like to take a potshot at one, just for luck. When I saw you going by, it came over me all of a sudden, and the first thing I knew I'd taken aim at you and fired."

"Boy, I'll say this for you," Faulkner grunted, "you sure can shoot!"

Brown turned away to keep the youth from seeing that he was smiling. At times, when out hunting, he had felt the same way about bagging an airplane.

"Where you live?" he said.

The lad swept his arm in a vague gesture toward a distant clump of trees, and when asked his name, he gave it—but began to plead with the aviators not to tell his father.

"If dad hears about it he will skin me alive, and take my gun away from me!"

Brown winked at Faulkner, and, picking up a rock, said:

"I'll give you five tries to hit this in the air, and if you do, we'll let you go and not tell anybody your name."

On the fourth try the young sharpshooter shattered the stone, and after repairing the fuel line and making him promise not to shoot at any more planes, the aviators flew on to Wichita.

# Unique Political Campaign By The St. Louis Magistrate

CITY Magistrate James P. Finnegan, Judge of the St. Louis Police Court, has probably started something new in politics. Judge Finnegan has had many culprits of large and small degree brought before him for trial and sentence in his police court. He made up his mind that he would like to step up from police court judge to public prosecuting attorney. Would his record as dealer in fines and imprisonment help him or hurt him in a campaign?

The matter was discussed and J. J. Gallagher, clerk of the court and political manager for Judge Finnegan decided to try out a novelty. He looked up on the court records the names and addresses of four thousand persons who had been brought before Judge Finnegan for various delinquencies and to each one Gallagher sent this letter:

"Dear Friend:—

"I understand that some time ago you appeared before City Judge James P. Finnegan in Police Court Number 1.

"Should you feel that your case was given the proper consideration, and justice was served, we will appreciate it if you and your friends will endorse and vote for Judge James P. Finnegan for Prosecuting Attorney."

The letters were signed by Gallagher as Chairman of the James P. Finnegan for Prosecuting Attorney Club.

Gallagher declared that he had picked out the names of the recipients of the letters at random from the docket and sent the missives on his own responsibility.

Asked regarding the response to the letters shortly after they had been mailed, Gallagher declared enthusiastically:

"Very satisfactory. Ten or twelve persons have called me already and said they believed they had got justice. One or two said they had been fined when they appeared in court."

Judge Finnegan won the election.

Students of political science point out that the scheme if adopted by candidates for other offices might have unusual possibilities. For instance, the warden of a jail aspiring to the office of Sheriff or some such position might write to the prisoners he had tended and who had served their terms some such letter as this:

"Dear ex-convict:

"If you feel satisfied with your recent prison term and the service you were given we would appreciate it if you would endorse your old friend John Jones for Sheriff. We realize that as an ex-convict you have lost your own privilege of voting but thought possibly you might have at least one friend who still retains his privileges of citizenship. Thanking you in advance and hoping that John Jones who served you as warden may have cause to serve you again in the new capacity of Sheriff we remain,

"Sincerely yours."

The policeman, also aspiring to the office of Sheriff, which in many counties likewise carries with it the duties of hangman, might gather from the police records the names of crooks he had "pinched" and write them as follows:

"Dear Burglar Bill:

"If you enjoyed being arrested by me I would appreciate your support and your vote in my race for Sheriff. If I am elected I will promise to serve you just as effectively in my new office as I did in my old one."

It is pointed out also, that the plan used in Judge Finnegan's campaign, while having its advantages also has the embarrassment arising out of a candidate for a Democratic office appealing for support from Republicans, for it is assumed that Republicans as well as Democrats break the law and have had to appear before a Judge. But then crime probably rises above politics.

In the same off-year campaign in St. Louis another letter-writing scheme to get out the vote was employed in the interests of William Hoefle, a Republican running for re-election as Clerk of the Circuit Court for Criminal Causes. Henry L. Berger, Hoefle's chief clerk, revealed that he had sent about 25,000 letters to jurors who had served in that court during the past four years, seeking votes for Hoefle. Berger declared that shortly after the letters were mailed "several hundred" persons, including among them Democrats, had written or assured him in person that they would vote for Hoefle.

This plan is not likely to gain as much attention as that employed in Judge Finnegan's campaign for the simple reason that Mr. Hoefle was not re-elected.

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# Lovers Feted By Tribe, Married—Then Murdered

MADINGA, the daughter of an African chieftain who rules over an interior village in French Senegal, clung to the young Lieutenant Leonard Devigne with her slender dark arms—in their secret meeting place, one night not long ago—and whispered:

"I love you more than life. If I saw a lion creeping toward you I would gladly throw myself into its path, and be torn to pieces, rather than let it scratch you! But I cannot go away with you—to France."

"You must! I will not return without you."

Lieut. Devigne stroked the girl's velvet brown cheeks, which revealed her Moorish ancestry, and told her that she was more beautiful than any woman he had ever seen in Paris. Madinga caught his wrist and held it out his hand, putting hers beside it. Even in the moonlight, the contrast was evident.

"See? You are like a white cloud, high above the mountains, but I am a muddy river, flowing through the jungle. They would laugh at me in Paris—and at you, for bringing me there."

"No!" Devigne threw his arms around her. "They will not laugh at you! My family—they will adore you, as I do. How can they help it, when they have once seen you?"

"They will never see me."

"But yes! I will go to your father and pay him whatever he asks."

"No, no! You do not understand. I am the daughter of a chieftain—not the daughter of a hunter, or a bearer. He would never consent."

"Then you must come with me without his consent. We will slip away together to Port Saint Louis, and you will live with me there until I am ordered back to France."

"We would never reach the coast alive—I'm already afraid we are being watched. Tell me, if anything should happen—would your comrades in Port Saint Louis know where to look for you?"

"No. When I set out alone, I said I wanted to inspect military trails on the far side of the river."

"Then you were ashamed for them to know you were coming to see me!"

"How can you say that when I have asked you to go with me to Port Saint Louis and marry me? I did not tell them I was making the trip just to see you because I was afraid the commanding officer might try to stop me. But after you are my wife, there is nothing that he can do."

"Kiss me good-night—and then I must go. See? The moon is growing pale, and it will soon be dawn. I will meet you here tomorrow night—at the same hour."

But the next night, soon after Madinga and Devigne arrived at their rendezvous, a circle of warriors, carrying spears, moved in upon them from the brush, and led them captive before the girl's father.

The chieftain stared at them and turned to the witch-doctor:

"Light the council fire!"

**All the Members of the Tribe Crouched and Put Their Heads Down, Except the Chieftain, the Witch Doctor and the Bride and Groom. Then the Couple Were Married—in Preparation for Their Death.**

The witch-doctor threw himself face down on the ground, and crawled with the motion of a crocodile toward the chieftain. He whispered into the chieftain's ear, and the chieftain nodded:

"It is the judgment of the tribal god."

He clapped his hands, and the young women of the tribe came running to him and prostrated themselves at his feet.

"Dress her in a bridal costume, with flowers in her hair—she shall be married to him, right away."

While the women were making Madinga ready, the men threw fresh wood on the fire. Then they began to roast a wild boar, and jungle fowl—and as the meat sizzled and crackled above the flames, they danced around the fire, brandishing their spears and chanting.

At length, Madinga—in her bridal array, her bracelets on her arms and her ankles, her beads around her neck and flowers in her hair—was led before her father, who called to Lieut. Devigne to come forward.

All of the members of the tribe crouched to the ground and put their heads down. Then, in accordance with tribal ceremony, Madinga and Devigne were married. When the witch-doctor had finished speaking the last of the ritual, a shout went up from the tribe.

Everyone laughed—except the bride and groom. A great fear was in Madinga's heart, and Devigne could see that she was frightened. But with the others, they sat down to the feast. The chieftain was silent, but as the other members of the tribe stuffed food into their mouths, they laughed and chattered. It was a splendid feast—such as was only eaten when the daughter of a chief was married.

When the wedding feast was over, the chieftain clapped his hands for silence and then solemnly said:

"You have disgraced the tribe; nothing will wipe out the shame except that you both die. Nothing else will satisfy the gods of the tribe. Now to the wedding house. You can remain there together for one hour. After that you will die."

So Madinga and Devigne went to the grass-thatched hut reserved for newly wedded couples, and while they were there some of the tribesmen piled wood upon the funeral pyre, and others beat upon the tomtoms. The women sat in a circle, weaving back and forth, and moaning. At the end of an hour—when all of the water had dripped through a tiny hole in an earthen bowl—the chief gave the signal. Devigne was led out of the wedding house and stabbed with a spear—in front of the bride's eyes. Madinga fainted, and was carried to a post, where her hands were tied behind her. Then the chief drove a spear through his daughter's heart. Afterwards, the bodies were burned on the fire that had cooked the marriage feast.

When Devigne failed to return from his trip into the interior, his colonel sent a party to search for him, and an eye-witness told of his death. The French Government is now considering punitive action against the tribe.

# Lady Moira Forbes' Uneasy Wedding

## Worth $12,000,000; Mama a Bosom Friend of Queen Mary; Bridegroom Rich, Romantic and Noble---But There Even at the Altar Was the Shadow of His Unhallowed Desert "Honeymoon" and the Baby That Came Along Later

Princess Nadejda Sherbatov, who Is Suing Count de Brantes for Breach-of-Promise to Marry, and Recognition of the Paternity of the Baby.

The Countess of Granard, Lady Moira's Mother and Close Friend of Queen Mary—Who Doesn't Like "Affairs."

Count Louis de Brantes and Lady Moira Forbes, Kneeling at the Marriage Altar. And Did the Noble Bridegroom Feel Fear That Into the Church Would Come the Princess Who Had Expected To Be His Bride and With Their Baby In Her Arms?

Princess Nadejda and Count Louis in an affectionate Pose at Cannes Before His Marriage.

The Princess With Two Women of the Hoggar Desert, During Her Romantic Vacation With the Count.

LONDON, Feb. 2.

"WHEN there exists no impediment to the marriage—"

There was a dramatic pause, as the Bishop gave opportunity for anyone who wished to object.

The ceremony was on such a resplendent scale that the thought flashed through some minds how dreadful it would be if, as in the old melodramas, some "wronged woman, with a che-ild in her arms," should stride weeping to the altar and "forbid the banns."

Little did that august assemblage realize how close that very thing came to happening. The handsome young bridegroom's eyes wandered. He knew and may have feared. Perhaps so did his golden bride, for the ghost of a nervous smile hovered on her lips. It was Lady Moira Forbes, daughter of a belted Earl and some day to be worth $12,000,000 in her own fair name, being married to the handsome and noble Count Louis de Brantes.

This was easily the most magnificent and important wedding Ireland had seen since it became a free state. The ancient Parish Church of Clonguish was filled with the nobility and aristocracy of England, Ireland and France. Outside waited thousands of the common people hoping for a glimpse of that important bride and groom. They were so important that a telegram of Royal congratulations was received from King George of England and Queen Mary which ran as follows:

"Lord and Lady Granard. Our warmest congratulations to you all today.—George R. I., and Mary R."

The bride's father, the Earl of Granard, is of an old Irish family, with Scottish origin. He is Master of the Horse to the Monarch who sent him that telegram and is a senator of the Irish Free State. Her mother, the Countess of Granard, was a daughter of the late Ogden Mills, American multi-millionaire, from whom she inherited a great fortune, which will pass down to the Countess de Brantes, thus making the bride, who is twenty-four years old, one of the richest heiresses in England or Ireland.

Besides this she is an intrepid rider to hounds and was appointed joint Master of the County Longford Harriers at the age of twenty. Her mother, the American Countess of Granard, is one of the rather few intimate friends of Her Majesty Queen Mary, which may prove embarrassing on account of certain things that have come to light since the wedding.

Count Louis is thirty, and his mother, the Marquise, was Mademoiselle M. Schneider of the famous Schneider-Creusot armament makers, a family that is fabulously rich.

The ceremony went off without a hitch. The glittering assemblage passed out of the church through the awed crowd and all was as it should be in the most perfect circle of high life. Then from Paris, across the Channel, came a bombshell that somewhat shattered the beauty of the romance as if it had been a stained glass window.

An "impediment" announced herself in the form of a cast-off sweetheart with a babe in her arms and she said it not with flowers but a law-suit, asking $67,000 damages for breach of promise and "rupture of relations." She also demanded that Count Louis recognize the paternity of her baby daughter and pay $300 a week for the child's education.

The Count, found by reporters on his honeymoon at the Riviera, declined to discuss the matter with them, but it is possible that his bride may have interviewed him on the subject.

If so, he could at least soothe her pride by pointing to the fact that her deserted rival was no common person but the bearer of a more resounding title than her own or even her father's. In the old melodramas this "discarded plaything" would surely have been a simple working girl or peasant's daughter, but not this one in real life. She is thirty years old, quite as beautiful in her wild, stormy way, as the Earl's daughter and she is the Princess Nadejda Sherbatov, daughter of Prince Paul Sherbatov, formerly aide-de-camp of Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia. Also she has been married, divorced and has two previous children about whom there is no paternity argument.

If Count Louis had to toy with a heart, at least he chose a "swell and classy one." Furthermore, all the atmosphere and circumstances of the alleged wooing and betraying were on an expensive and exalted plane, worthy of such noble personages who when they go wrong are supposed to "go wrong right."

When the Count met the lovely Princess in 1931 as one of the guests that eagerly thronged to his wealthy mother's Paris mansion she was almost penniless, but then all Russians, noble or ignoble, in or out of Russia, have been that way ever since the Revolution, and a "Cinderella" Princess at least knows that a lover must love her for herself alone because she can't give him anything else, even her title. Also by that time her rank had been reduced from Princess to Countess because she had married Count Steinbock-Farmen.

For a year the two were seen playing around Paris together, apparently becoming sufficiently fond of each other to have made Nadejda get a divorce while the getting was good, but Russian Princesses are not noted for prudence, so this one did not bother. Nadejda was earning her own living at the time by working in a beauty shoppe. This did not mean that she plastered mud on women's faces, yanked out their eyebrows, cooked their permanent waves for them or performed any other actual labor. Her task was merely to be beautiful, noble and cordial to the cash customers. Had she been a little more restrained and careful, all might possibly have been well.

In 1932, with most unworldly disregard for the world's opinion, the Princess joined an exploring expedition of which the handsome dashing Count Louis was a member. They went through the Sahara, and Princess Nadejda claims to have been the first woman to penetrate the Hoggar Desert.

Here was a highly romantic setting, worthy of any moving picture. Traveling together unchaperoned under such circumstances the world would cruelly misunderstand, causing the lady to return to civilization with a damaged reputation, requiring many feet of film to straighten out.

And that is exactly what happened in this case. The suspicious old world "thought the worst" about her, but according to her own statement it was entirely right.

Thrown into each other's company, the fascinating Russian became doubly attractive to this scion of a noble French house. He fell more and more under her spell, and was genuinely convinced that she meant more to him than all the world and the sternly conventional edicts of a rich and respectable French "famille" he had left behind him when he bade farewell to Paris and tradition.

Princess Nadejda and Count Louis were young and already violently attracted to each other. The lure of the desert has consummated many romances and their case was obviously no exception. Warm friendship flamed to passion under the intoxicating African moonlight and they exchanged vows of eternal love. The woman who had fascinated him before became more poignantly desirable to him as they listened hand in hand to the strange desert sounds, and the queer tang of the wilderness rose in heavy perfume. The man who had made her heart beat faster as they met under the eyes of their society friends in Paris turned into the realization of the ardent lover of her dreams.

The magic of the desert is only the power of the wilderness in one of its intensified forms. Civilization seems so far away that it can be treated with contempt. A man shows the influence in various ways from refusing to shave to becoming an outlaw, women by loosening of their morals.

"Aha!" said Paris, when they returned. "All for love and the world well lost, we suppose. But is it just an incident or will there be developments?"

The noble Louis and the even more noble Nadejda could ignore these insinuations even if they happened to be true, and there were to be developments. Now surely the Count would marry her, but first she must get that overdue divorce. Alas, she suffered the fate of finding her husband was now able to get it.

Mama la Marquise, grim as a steel turret, turned on the lady who wished to be her daughter-in-law a pair of eyes suggestive of a couple of her own Schneider-Creusot machine guns. The munitions and armament heiress disliked Russians in general because they were "pinch-quitters" during the war and did not pay for some of the goods her concern sold them. This Russian in particular she disliked because of her unconventional behavior with Counte Louis in the desert.

"Women never reform, never get better," said the Marquise. "If they change at all it is for the worse. Marry a good woman and maybe she will stay that way indefinitely. This one will do with other husbands what she has done to her first. This one you will never marry and you will not speak of it to me again. It gives me a raging headache to consider such an unthinkable thought."

Since Mama held the purse strings, this just about settled it. How could Count Louis live in the style to which he had been accustomed on Nadejda's beauty parlor salary? Apparently Count Louis did not break the bad news to the lady who by divorce automatically had been boosted back to her original rank of Princess. Nadejda, in Russian, means hope and she kept on living and loving and hoping that pretty soon all would be right. But the Marquise not only could say a final no to the wrong girl, but an equally influential yes for the right one.

This was Lady Moira Forbes, young, beautiful and a great heiress. Their marriage meant the union of two old and wealthy families. They were both members of the same church, and so Count Louis de Brantes had every inducement to fall comfortably in love again with the right girl whom everybody wanted him to marry.

Maybe the hopeful Princess Nadejda supposed he was just a procrastinator, like herself, and that she understood his delays. But when the baby she says is his was born and given that same hopeful name, the Princess really became impatient, ordering Louis not to delay marriage any longer.

He didn't—but he married the Irish Earl's heiress daughter.

The Princess has had a hard life. She was a mere child when her parents picked her up and fled for their lives from the Bolsheviks. In 1921, when she was only seventeen, she married a Russian, Count Steinbock-Farmen, in Constantinople. Safely married in an unsafe, turbulent world, felt her relatives! And they heaved sighs of relief to think that though they were exiles of a dead regime wandering across Europe, little Princess Nadejda was settled for life with a husband to look after her and work for her. For the lot of beautiful but "busted" exiled princesses was not too much to be envied in those days. Many were the lovely titled Russian girls who escaped from the borders of revolution-mad Russia, and were only too happy to become Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Anything to safeguard themselves from the terrors they had left behind them.

So that Princess Nadejda in meeting her first Count was quite fortunate as things went. Count Steinbock-Farmen was a man of good rank and though a victim of the revolution like herself, his prospects of settling down and working in another European country seemed quite good.

For a time life was fairly rosy for the little Princess, as life is bound to be at first for all very young and pretty brides who are petted and made a fuss of.

Then Count Steinbock-Farmen had the offer of an appointment in Czechoslovakia and he accepted it. The job was to take charge of an estate belonging to Count Karolyi, the Hungarian statesman famous for making an unsuccessful attempt to conclude a separate peace with the Allied Powers soon after the break of war.

Life was not so good, for conditions were hard on the estate, and soon the lovely Nadejda left Czechoslovakia and went to Paris where she obtained that job in the beauty parlor.

Presently the husband gave up his own job to join his wife. But now that she had work and he had none, she did not want to be joined. So they lived apart until he divorced her after that unhallowed honeymoon with Count Louis in the desert.

The bridegroom's mother is so rich that she can write a check big enough to get the Princess out of her son's hair, any time, without feeling it, but the real embarrassment is in England. Count Louis' mother-in-law, Lady Granard, is a particular friend of England's Queen, one of the world's most prominent sticklers for morals, modesty and general propriety.

Of course, Lady Granard's daughter will always be welcome at Court, but will she be allowed to bring along the man accused of having played sheik in the desert? Or must he always "have a cold" and stay at home?

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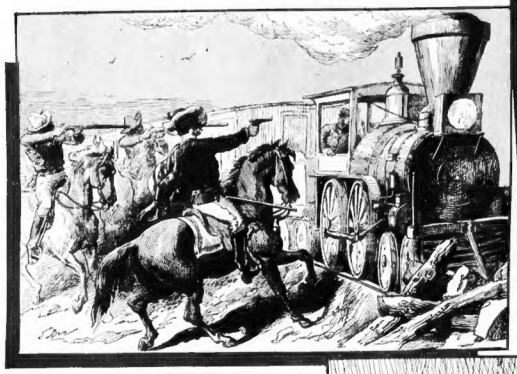
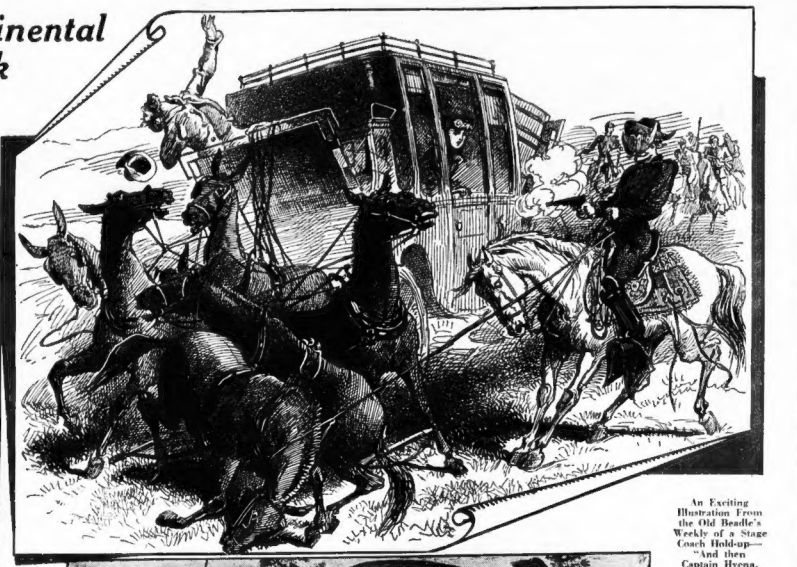
# Robbing The Modern "Stage Coach"

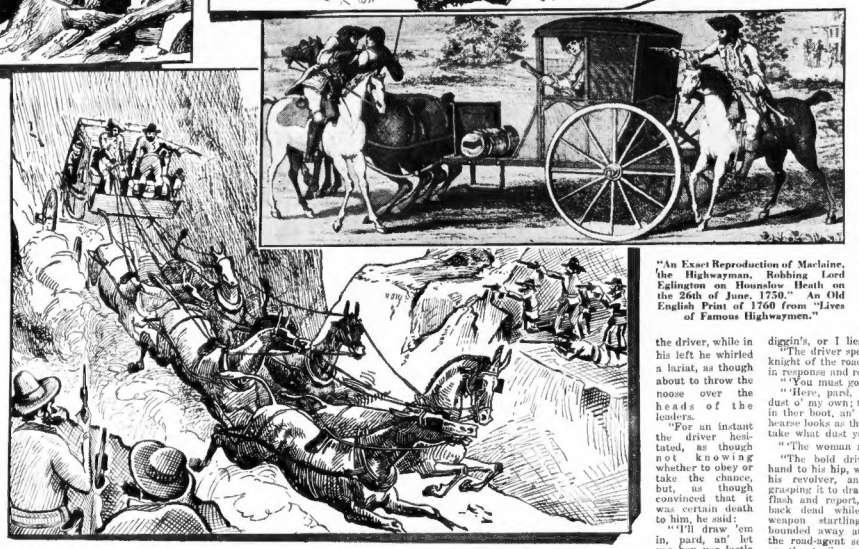
## *Recent Hold-up of a Transcontinental Bus Recalls the Days of Dick Turpin the Highwayman, the Perilous Journeys of the Overland Mail and Jesse James*



Hold-up of One of the First Trains by the Notorious Younger Brothers, Who Took the Place of the Stage Coach Robbers.—From an Old Print.



An Exciting Illustration From the Old Beadle's Weekly of a Stage Coach Hold-up—"And then Captain Hyena, the Red Angel, pointed his gun and tossed his lariat, piling mules, stage coach, passengers and the corpse of the driver in one grand wreck."



"And then, as the desperadoes opened fire, the driver gave the mules the reins and dashed down the dangerous slope."
Another Stage Coach Robbery Illustration From Famous Old Beadle's Weekly.

"An Exact Reproduction of Maclaine, the Highwayman, Robbing Lord Eglington on Hounslow Heath on the 26th of June, 1750." An Old English Print of 1760 from "Lives of Famous Highwaymen."

The Bus That Was Robbed by the Modern "Road Agents" on Its Night Run From Detroit to Chicago.

"IT'S a gun—just keep right on driving."

Philip H. Pickert, driver of the big Greyhound Bus on its night run from Detroit to Chicago, felt something poking his ribs. He was listening to the voice of the modern Dick Turpin and Jesse James, a type of highwayman that has reappeared to hold up the modern stage coach, the powerful but hitherto defenseless interurban bus.

"Turn on the inside lights," said the man whose gun was still prodding Pickert's ribs. Like the drivers of the old-time coaches, he obeyed because there wasn't anything else to do.

The ten honest passengers blinked in mild surprise, and just as their eyes took in the sight of a young man with a gun at the driver's back, a voice from the rear turned their heads in that direction. Two more young men, well-dressed like the one who was attending to the driver, had arisen from their seats in the back. One held a pistol whose muzzle covered the passengers in turn.

"This is a stick-up," the gunman explained. "The gentlemen will hand over their wallets and the ladies their purses and nobody will get hurt. My friend here will now pass among you and take up the collection."

Just then a horn sounded insistently behind the bus and a pair of headlights, suddenly turned on, glared in the rear windows. For an instant the passengers thought it was a police car and that they would be rescued. But the man with the gun told the other to "give 'em the office." The man who was to do the collecting stepped to the rear window and with a hand that held a black-jack made a reassuring gesture. The car behind acknowledged it with a couple of short toots and fell back as the "collector" went to work.

Dick Turpin, England's historic highwayman, mounted on his famous horse, Black Bess, often held up the coaches of the early Eighteenth Century, single-handed. This was daring, risky work but he lived a short, dangerous life, full of hair-breadth escapes and ending on the gallows. The James Boys, the Younger Brothers and other American bandits stuck up the stage coaches with the aid of a gang, but even that was risky because the passengers were often armed and in those days men were men, ready to fight for their property.

Apparently highwaymen are a conservative type of criminal, because it was a long time before the stage coach robbers got around to robbing the new "iron horse" which ignored their cries and shouts to stop. When they did it proved so easy that for a while train-robbing became a sort of epidemic in Missouri where the James Boys lived and seemed immune from arrest. The game was simply to pile rocks on the track at night and when the train approached to wave a red lantern.

The lantern, presenting a wreck, was not from any humanitarian motive, but because usually some of the gang were riding as passengers on the train. When the train stopped, some members plundered the mail and express cars while others went through the pockets of the passengers.

After a while the railroads and the authorities found ways of making the train-robber's profession so dangerous as to be no longer attractive and though even now an occasional mail car is looted, the railroad passenger is safer from being robbed than on the streets of his own home town.

The stage coach vanished from the old, dusty trails and a new generation of criminals was surprisingly slow to realize that it had been resurrected and was rolling over the concrete highways, in glorified form, with pneumatic tires, one hundred horses under the hood, instead of four to six prancing out in front. It was an enormous thing, thundering along at railroad speed but apparently as easy to "take" as were those first railroad trains and infinitely safer than the old stage coach.

When Jesse James or Dick Turpin pointed his gun at a stage coach, somebody might point one back and let him have it. But not one of the ten honest passengers on that bus had a gun because the law thoughtfully disarmed every private citizen but the criminal. Therefore, with almost no risk whatever to youth with the black-jack frisked the passengers. He collected in all just $200.

Contrast that easy if not very lucrative bus job with one of the old-time stage coach holdups, as told by William Ward in his celebrated work, "The James Boys":

"On the 15th of January, the regular stage running from Malvern on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway to Hot Springs, Ark., had two ambulances for invalids. It was a health resort of the wealthy. The stage stopped for a few minutes at Sulphur Vale about five miles from Hot Springs after which it proceeded on its journey. They had gone about a mile when the driver was suddenly accosted:

"'Stop! or I'll blow your head off!'

"With this five men in Federal army uniforms sprang from ambush, pointing cocked revolvers at the passengers.

"'Come, damn you! Tumble out quick, we have no time to spare,' commanded the spokesman.

"'Oh, certainly,' said a Mr. Charles Moore. 'We can do nothing else.'

"'I am paralyzed in my legs and cannot walk,' cried a rheumatism victim, painfully conspicuous as the other passengers came tumbling out.

"'Never mind them,' was the answer, 'we'll attend to you where you are.'

"The stage was emptied, save for the old lame gentleman. The rest of the passengers were ordered with threats and pointed revolvers to form in a circle and hold up their hands which they did without delay. The brigands then began to search, examine and rob every passenger. Not one escaped and not one offered the least resistance or remonstrance."

That few minutes' work netted the gang about $4,000 worth of booty and in those days a dollar was worth in purchasing power at least twice what it is today. Ex-Gov. Burbank of Dakota parted with $850 cash, a diamond pin worth $350 and a watch that cost $250. Others lost money all the way from $650 down to a local farmer who had only $20.

Victims of highway robbers in those days, however, at least were reasonably sure of not losing their lives if they did not resist. The thieves were not "hopped up" with narcotics, as many present-day gangsters frequently are, and they did not shoot people down without cause.

Then there is this lively description of what one lone bandit did to one of the Overland coaches. It is from the old Beadle's Weekly of many years ago, which a few grandfathers, maybe fathers, still remember, and illustrations from which, reproduced on this page, are from the collection of Charles Bragin. The story was supposed to have been written from real life by the Honorable William F. Cody, the famous "Buffalo Bill," and had on the title page "The Wizard Brothers, or White Beaver's Red Trail."

The first chapter is called "A Knight of the Overland," and it goes along like this:

"'Draw rein! put on your brakes! or I kill you and lariat your leaders!'

"The words rung out viciously, but clear and threatening, from the lips of a horseman who had just darted out of the shadow of a clump of timber and wheeled alongside of an Overland stage as it was going at a brisk pace along the trail running through what is now the State of Nebraska.

"The stage was drawn by six handsome, jet-black mules, which, at the cry of their driver, had bounded forward into a run, almost as swift as the flight of a deer.

"It was this that had caused the stern command and threat that open this story, and as the coach swung swiftly along the Knight of the Overland, who had so suddenly appeared, leveled a revolver in his right hand at the driver, while in his left he whirled a lariat, as though about to throw the noose over the heads of the leaders.

"For an instant the driver hesitated, as though not knowing whether to obey or take the chance, but, as though convinced that it was certain death to him, he said:

"'I'll draw 'em in, pard, an' let yer hev yer leetle pickings, fer I knows yer.'

"As he spoke he began to draw in his running mules, and gently put his foot on the brake, which rapidly checked the speed of his team, while the horseman rode by the side of the coach, his revolver in hand ready for use.

"Looking out of the coach window were two faces, one, that of a woman, the other a man, and round, fat, and very much alarmed was the latter.

"The horseman, upon whom their eyes fell, was mounted upon an animal as white as snow, with long mane and tail, and a gait that was easy and graceful.

"The rider was dressed in deep black, wore top-boots, and a slouch hat, the sable brim being turned up in front and held there by a strange mask that concealed the face from the mouth up, but allowed the latter feature, shaded by a long, blond mustache, and a resolute chin, to be revealed.

"The mask consisted of two scarlet wings, so arranged as to cover the face, and with holes in each, through which two fiery eyes were visible.

"The points of the wings extended to the crown of the hat, the whole presenting a most singular and striking appearance.

"The saddle, bridle and trappings of this strangely masked rider were of a most elegant description, while his spurs were gold wings on either side of the heel, with the sharp rowel in the points.

"A glance showed him that but two persons were inside—the woman and the fat-faced man before spoken of.

"'Don't harm us,' whined the latter, pale as death.

"'It is not my intention to do so, sir, but, you, madam, I must ask to accompany me.'

"The woman started, dropped her head and said in a low tone, hoarse with alarm:

"'Oh, sir; spare me, I implore you!'

"'My dear madam, you plead to Captain Hyena, the chief of the Red Angels of the Overland, who, you know, is merciless to man and woman alike. You must go with me.'

"'Wal, I declar' ef you make war on a leddy passenger I drives I'll make it so hot fer you an' your gang, Cap'n Hyena, as folks calls yer, that yer'll have ter emigrate ter new diggin's, or I lies like a tin-peddler.'

"The driver spoke earnestly, but the knight of the road only laughed lightly in response and repeated his words:

"'You must go with me, madam.'

"'Herve, pard, I hes a leetle bag o' dust o' my own; thar's a bag o' letters in ther boot, an' thet old man in ther hearse looks as though he were rich, so take what dust yer kin raise and git!'

"'The woman must go!'

"The bold driver had dropped his hand to his hip, where was the butt of his revolver, and his fingers were grasping it to draw when there came a flash and report, and the driver fell back dead while the crack of the weapon startling the mules, they bounded away at full speed, leaving the road-agent seated upon his horse on the trail as though momentarily taken aback by what had occurred.

"But such was not the case, for he was not one to be caught off his guard. His hesitancy for the moment had been at catching sight of a party of horsemen far down the trail and coming at a canter across the prairie.

"'By Heavens! I will not be foiled,' he cried through his set teeth and a word to his horse sent him flying away in pursuit of the now runaway team of mules.

"Then he threw his lariat, and the horses and all dropped in one heap."

J. W. Buell, authority on the Younger Brothers, tells how they robbed the coach running between San Antonio and Austin, Texas, on April 7, 1874:

"On the day in question, the regular mail stage, carrying eleven passengers, was stopped by five masked bandits, at seven in the evening, 23 miles from Austin. They advanced to meet the stage and each presenting a heavy pistol, forced the stage driver to halt, leave his seat and open the door of the vehicle. Among the passengers was Mr. Breckenridge, president of the First National Bank of San Antonio who had $1,000 on his person. Bishop Gregg and three ladies were also in his party.

"The robbers were very courteous but very exacting. All the passengers were made to get out and form a line where two bandits separated them from their money and valuables while the other three stood guard. The ladies, except for the more respectful language, were treated the same as the men, forced to yield their money and jewels. The total, including what was taken from the mail bags, was about $3,000. The bandits took away with them the coach's leading pair of horses in order to delay report of the robbery."

James Younger, in spite of all his robberies and murders, was paroled from the Minnesota penitentiary, but because he was forbidden to marry or leave the State, committed suicide in 1902.



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# $5,000 If You've Got a Prettier Figure

## Miss Rosemary Andree Who Won the Trophy for the Most Perfect Feminine Form Challenges Any American Woman to Show a Better One

Back View of Miss Andree.

The Attractive Features of the Best Proportioned Woman in the British Isles, Miss Rosemary Andree.

Miss Louie Irish, Who Took Second Prize in the Contest.

Miss Kay Foster, Who Tied for Third Place in the Physical Perfection Contest.

Miss Rosemary Andree in a Pose Before the Judges in the Physical Perfection Contest.

LONDON, Feb. 2.

FIVE feet of English womanhood challenges the entire female population of the United States to produce a better figure and greater physical fitness than her own. The name of this specimen of physical perfection is Rosemary Andree, and she is backing her challenge to every or any girl in the United States with $5,000.

It is three years since the body of Miss Andree was acclaimed by lecturers in anatomy, sculptors and physical culture experts to be the most perfectly proportioned out of 5,000 entrants for a competition to find the ideal female figure.

Right at once, Miss Andree wants to make it clear that her challenge to the women of the U. S. A. is to be a very different matter from the "Beauty Contests" which have been held at different times and in different countries. Beauty of face has nothing at all to do with it. It is in fact to be regarded not as a beauty contest, but as a physical fitness contest.

It has been laid down by artists throughout the ages that there are certain proportions to which the perfect female form should answer. The height of a person is divided into eighths, and certain very definite sections of the body should each come within one of those eighths. From the crown of the head to the chin, for instance, is the first; from the chin to a line drawn between the armpits, another; from the armpits to the waist, and so on.

The entire sixty inches of Miss Andree's height corresponds in every section to those proportions, with the exception of the distance from her hip to her knee, which is just one-eighth of an inch out!

And here are the measurements of this young woman who has been called in England "The China Doll:"

| | |
|---|---|
| Neck | 11½ inches |
| Bust | 31 " |
| Waist | 23 " |
| Hips | 32 " |
| Thigh | 19 " |
| Calf | 12½ " |
| Ankle | 8 " |
| Weight | 94 lbs. |

**The reason why she has issued her challenge of $5,000 that her body will be deemed by a committee of neutral and competent judges to be more perfectly proportioned and more physically fit than that of any girl in America is that she considers quite frankly that there are more women in the United States with nearly perfect figures than in any other country in the world. Having won the competition in Britain out of 5,000 entrants and 20 finalists on the stage of a London theatre, with medical men and physical culture experts among the judges, she reckons that if she justifies her challenge against all comers in the United States, she will be entitled to claim to have the most perfect female body in the world.**

Miss Andree would be quite willing, if the circumstances justify it, to have the judging held in the U. S. A. The stipulations which she makes are: There shall be at least five judges, among whom there must be one doctor, one sculptor and one artist, all of repute. She would prefer five judges belonging neither to Britain nor the United States, but if any from these countries is included there shall be either one or two of each and three or one from a neutral country. No elastic or other types of bathing costumes which can artificially support or in any way mould the figure shall be worn. Miss Andree, in fact, wants the very minimum possible of clothing. She points out that in many pictures one sees of "beauties," false and often flattering lines are achieved by a costume of some kind. And the other condition which she makes as part of her $5,000 challenge is that physical fitness, entirely apart from measurements, shall be taken into consideration.

**By physical fitness she means general perfection of health; no loose or sagging skin, particularly around the abdominal muscles and at the back in the curve above the hips; clearness of eye and perfect condition of the skin.**

**Miss Andree herself has a skin with the sheen of satin and there is not a trace of the slightest "fold" near her waist. She does not admire very white skin as she considers it is often a sign of imperfect condition. Her own has a faint rosy tint.**

In all the twenty-six years of her life she has eaten exactly what she pleased and dieting has no part in the routine which she observes for herself and teaches to other women at the beauty salon and school of physical culture which she runs in Mayfair. She is one hundred per cent "town mouse." Born in London, she has never lived anywhere but in cities. But from seven years of age, when she commenced dancing seriously, she has always taken plenty of exercise in calisthenic form.

It is just six years since she became "body-conscious." Her figure was then almost perfect, according to any anatomic and artistic standards, except for a very slight lack of curve in her back above the hips. It was then she took up professional dancing.

Most of the foods which she prefers, and eats, are of what are usually called the fattening kind. Miss Andree believes in them, because she holds that they are necessary for building up tissue which can be kept from turning into fat and under perfect control so long as a woman has plenty of the right form of exercise.

Her fan mail is as big as that of any film star in England and her correspondence, which ranges from peers of Britain to tea planters in Assam, consists of ninety-nine per cent of requests for photos of her. Last year she appeared before King George and Queen Mary with her dancing partner at a Royal Command performance in a London theatre.

She considers that the film industry in America has attracted thousands of girls with splendid figures, and that in and around Hollywood there are probably more women to the square mile with wonderful shapes than in any other part of the globe.

"But," she thinks, "in some small detail or another there is nearly always a flaw which denotes that although Nature has been marvellously kind to them, they just lack that hundred per cent of perfect health which means fitness."

The doctors and physical culture experts who judged the contest found so many beautiful young women among the five thousand entrants that it was difficult for them to make the final decision. After the contestants had been narrowed down to twenty, it was suggested that everyone concerned would probably be happier if two additional prizes were offered. But this did not solve the problem, for after second place had been awarded to Miss Louie Irish, the judges were unable to agree on the winner for third place. Finally, Miss Kay Foster, whose photograph is shown on this page, was picked for that honor, along with another young woman who received half of the prize.

It is not surprising that the judges had trouble over their decision, since there is no fixed standard of beauty—and never will be, as long as people differ in their opinions and preferences, and as long as ideas about what is charming continue to change. For several centuries the statue known as the Venus de Milo, which now stands in the Louvre at Paris, was considered the ideal of feminine beauty—both for face and figure. Her fame was based largely on the opinion of sculptors and art connoisseurs, who for a number of years proclaimed her as having the most perfect form ever portrayed in the marble.

But nowadays it is generally agreed that if the Venus de Milo could come to life—and in some miraculous manner grow new arms to replace those that were broken off and lost hundreds of years ago—she would not even reach the semi-finals in any modern beauty contest. According to M. Van Dongen, a celebrated painter, of Paris, the reason the Venus de Milo no longer represents the highest type of feminine beauty is because "the human race did not pause in its scheme of evolution in the days when Venus was worshipped."

"Women no longer lead sedentary lives," M. Van Dongen said. "They practice numerous forms of activity which were not in vogue among their sex in ancient Rome, and their outlines and general aspect have altered accordingly, as have the viewpoints of people generally along the lines of beauty.

"The Venus de Milo would look awkward and far from beautiful in presentday clothes. Likewise, one of our modern beauties might have looked silly in the flowing robes of the Roman women. According to the ideas of today, Venus is too plump, too heavy—and if she should come to life and walk into the office of any American or European producer of musical shows, I doubt if she could get a position in a chorus. In fact, I doubt if a modern theatrical producer would take a second look at her."

It was the Venus de Milo whose measurements supplied the term "a perfect thirty-six," which was the phrase used to described the type of figure most admired some years ago, during the hey-day of such celebrated beauties as Miss Lillian Russell and the generously proportioned Miss Fay Templeton. Due to the popularity of Miss Mae West, some effort has been made in recent times to revive the curved and flowing figure—even so, the trim waist line still seems to be preferred.

With her 36-inch bust, 31-inch waist and 39-inch hips, the Venus de Milo is decidedly matronly—in comparison to Miss Andree's 31-inch bust, 23-inch waist and 32-inch hips. In view of Miss Andree's challenge to the beauties in this country, it is interesting to note that her measurements are smaller than those that were given out not long ago by the United States Bureau of Standards as representing the ideal of American beauty.

According to the Bureau of Standards, the perfect figure nowadays among American women has a 34-inch bust, 28-inch waist and 37-inch hips. These measurements were compiled by a conference of manufacturers, merchants and educators—during a course of study on the standardization of dress patterns—and while everyone may not agree that they represent the modern American ideal of a perfect figure, they at least have official sanction.

Not only do standards of beauty change from generation to generation, but opinion varies with geographical location. There are some African tribes, for instances, who think that no woman is charming unless she blackens her teeth. In other tribes, a woman must increase the length of her neck with a tower of rings—in order to be considered charming—and in still others she must stretch her lips on wooden forms until they are saucer-shaped.

Among some of the South Sea Islanders a woman is not considered lovely unless her face is scarred with knife slashes, and among others women must have their faces tattooed, before they can hope to be regarded as belles. Throughout the Orient—in many localities—the fattest woman is looked upon as the fairest.

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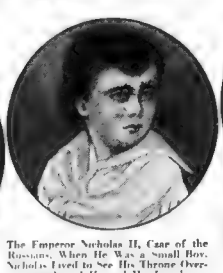
# If They Had Foreseen Their Future

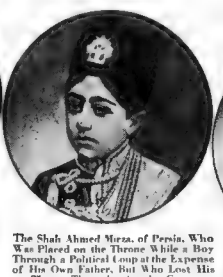
Crown Prince Alexander of Jugo-Slavia Was a 11-Year-Old Boy When This Picture Was Taken. He Grew Up to Become a King But Died at the Hands of an Assassin.



The Emperor Nicholas II, Czar of the Russians, When He Was a Small Boy. Nicholas Lived to See His Throne Overturned, and He and His Family Were Shot by the Bolsheviks.

This Baby Grew Up to Play a Leading Part in the Greatest War Known to History. A Picture of Kaiser Wilhelm as a Child. Today He Is an Old Man in Exile.

Henry Pu-Yi, When 5 Years Old, Was the Emperor of China But He Grew Up to Become the Puppet Ruler of Manchukuo, a State Founded By His Hereditary Enemies, the Japanese.



The Shah Ahmed Mirza, of Persia, Who Was Placed on the Throne While a Boy Through a Political Coup at the Expense of His Own Father. But Who Lost His Throne Through a Similar Coup and Died Penniless.

Alfonso, the Boy Who Was a King From Childhood But Who Lost His Throne When His People Rebelled, Barely Escaped With His Life, and Is Now in Exile.

## *Happy Children of Crowned Heads Who Blindly Plunged Into Death, Disaster or the Loss of Their Thrones They Never Dreamed of*

WHAT a different world it would be if men could see in a vision what was going to happen to them! This is the case of the kings and rulers who have been assassinated and deposed in recent years. Only the other day King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia was shot down in the streets of Marseilles, and not long before that King Alfonso of Spain was driven into exile, penniless, escaping with his life.

Photographs occasionally come to light showing these rulers when they were happy children enjoying luxuries beyond all dreams of ordinary men and envied by nearly everybody as the most fortunate of mortals.

If these happy children could have seen the future that awaited them, would they have renounced their royal heritage and sought the safest occupation they could find?

Would any man knowing that he would be humiliated or disgraced at a certain date stay on his throne and accept his fate, if he could avoid it?

Every heir to a throne possesses ample means which would enable him to enjoy a life in some favored corner of the world. He might go to Tahiti or some other lovely island in the South Pacific, where he could live on fruit and roast chicken, swim in the warm ocean and have pretty girls hang wreaths of flowers about his neck.

Perhaps the exquisite ex-king would not appeal to every Prince. Then he might be able to obtain a mission to the United States or to some that were not possible, to Canada or Australia, which are more British in country.

There, no doubt, he would live a life of [illegible] or workman in a small town. He could earn a living without difficulty. He will have time to court a pretty girl and take her to dances, picnics and motion pictures. In other words, a small town is the best place in which to live and love and raise children.

How much better and nobler and happier to live such a life than to sit on a throne with the certainty of being assassinated at the end of a certain number of years! At the best the life of a royal Prince or King is very wearisome and vexatious. It is certainly not what it was once supposed to be. He does not all mapped out for him by [illegible]. He cannot do anything, even the most trivial everyday act, except under the eyes of a swarm of officials and courtiers.

If he calls on a girl, one or more of these officials will wait on the front hall. He cannot call on every girl who pleases him, whether her position be high or low, for one of the court officials will venture to suggest to him that it is not prudent to see this or that young commoner. These officials would say things to a King they would not dare to say to an ordinary man.

Of course, the Prince or King cannot marry to please himself. That simplest privilege of the common man is the last thing that he can hope for. He must marry to suit the interests of his country and his family. If he is just a Prince, in line of succession to the throne, he must have the written consent of his King given and countersigned at a Council of Ministers.

Wide World

Wilhelm II, Former Ruler of Germany, Still Clings to the Brass Trappings of His Office. But the Ex-Kaiser Was in Exile at Doorn When This Picture Was Taken on His 72nd Birthday.

Many of the Best Known Assassinations of Kings Have Occurred While the Rulers Were Riding in a Carriage or an Automobile During Some State Function. The Old Engraving Above Shows the Murder of Henry IV, of France.

Keystone

A New Candidate for Slaughter—Peter II, the Boy King of Jugo-Slavia, and His Mourning Mother Taken During the Funeral Procession for His Murdered Father.

If he actually [illegible] and wishes to marry, he must answer the fact to the Council of Ministers and [illegible] to them all the reasons [illegible] Of course, [illegible] the marriage is [illegible] the number of years without love [illegible] one [illegible] the other.

The King's life is one unending routine. Even in the evening and after he goes to bed he does not enjoy freedom from surveillance like ordinary men. The business of being crowned is simply crushing. The long [illegible] the spoken responses, the close attention to [illegible], the putting on and taking off of the crown and so forth, make a cruel ordeal. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who crowned King Edward VII, fainted, and the king, who was much younger, was almost overcome.

The most burdensome features of the ceremony are repeated at every royal wedding.

A large part of a King's life is spent in putting on and taking off uniforms. If he receives a visit from a friendly monarch, he puts on a uniform belonging to the army or navy of that monarch, and if he receives three friendly monarchs in a day he must put on a new uniform three times.

Even in his supposed pleasures the King is least free from the supervision of his court officials, for it is then that they think he is in most danger.

But in the end, when some criminal or madman makes up his mind to kill the King, these officials are never in the right place to prevent the crime.

Even if the King did not have a warning of a violent death, would it not be wiser for him to abandon his crown and lead a normal life? There is evidence that some Kings and Princes take this view. It is certain that the Prince of Wales does not attach undue importance to inheriting the throne, although it is the best available.

He has refused to get married, a step that is essential to maintaining the dignity and ceremony of the throne. He spends as much time as he can riding, playing golf, dancing with photographers and amusing himself like an ordinary man. He wears civilian clothes most of the time, often muddy and dirty ones. It is fairly certain the Prince would not worry if the throne were abolished, but there is no indication he will renounce his right.

A curious revelation of a King's mind was given by the late King of Saxony. He was very popular in his country and hardly anybody wanted him to abdicate, but when the German Empire was turned into a republic, it was decided that the Kings of subordinate states must resign. The chief politician of Saxony was deputed to inform the King of the fact. He called His Majesty on the telephone and began rather hesitatingly:

"Your Majesty," he said, "I have a very painful announcement to make."

"Well, man," said the King, "make it."

"Your Majesty," said the statesman, "I regret to inform you that the Council of Ministers has decided you must abdicate."

"Good," said the King, "now you can do your own dirty work."

Some idea of what Kings would do if they could foresee their tragic end may be gathered from the behavior of ordinary men under certain circumstances. If often happens that a doctor warns a man that he will die prematurely and miserably, usually from kidney or heart trouble, unless he stops drinking entirely and at once.

Experience shows that more than half accept the warning and save their lives for a time, while the others go on drinking and die miserably.

But the question whether a King would give up his throne if he received a supernatural warning is somewhat different. He might think it heroic to face certain death on the throne of his ancestors. It is recorded that the late King Humbert, after an unsuccessful attempt on his life, said calmly:

"It's one of the risks of my trade."

Several years later he was actually assassinated.

No monarch was made more of a target by anarchists than King Alfonso of Spain. A desperate attempt was made to kill him and his bride on his wedding day. They actually killed several of his escort and one of his coach horses, but he escaped by inches.

Another attempt was made while he was in France. After this he remarked with a laugh:

"They will get me some day."

The assassins did not get Alfonso, but he was driven out of his own country most ignominiously. He is a man who cheerfully faces death, as shown by the way he drives motor cars, but he has suffered cruelly from the humiliation of being turned out of his country.

If he could have foreseen what was going to happen to him he would, perhaps, have abdicated long ago. He might have enjoyed life as a sportsman enormously in some wild part of the world, and Spain would have been spared Alfonso's disastrous war in Africa, which was the real cause of his downfall.

King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia was a man of unusual force of character and ability. If he had been warned in time, he might have become the manager of a big business—the head of an American motor company, for instance—instead of a King.

It would also have been much better for his family. His little boy, Peter, has been taken from school at the age of eleven to become King in the most disturbed part of Europe. Not only was Peter's father assassinated, but the latter's predecessor, another Alexander, and his great-grandfather, Prince George, suffered the same fate.

Young King Peter's grandmother, Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, had some vision of the future, for she said:

"He must sacrifice that which is most precious to all boys—his childhood. I sometimes wonder if the constant apprehension and inquiring look in his big brown eyes is a foreboding of the future."

If the Czar Nicholas could have had a vision of his terrible fate—shot like a dog in a cellar at Ekaterinburg—he would surely have abdicated and gone somewhere to live a quiet life. What infinite misery he might have averted in that way! He would have saved the lives of his wife and all his children, and, perhaps, would have averted the World War, or allowed it to take a more fortunate course for Russia.

Similar advantages would have resulted to the world if the German Kaiser could have known he would be sent into exile. Such a fate would have been intolerable to a man of his temperament and he would have retired before it happened. Then we should probably have been spared the World War.

Evidently many royal families take no warning from the lessons of the past. No family has suffered more tragedies than the Hapsburgs. The assassination of one of its Archdukes started the World War and its last monarch, the Emperor Charles, died of privations in exile. But his widow, the ex-Empress Zita, wants her son Otto on the throne, nevertheless.

If the little Emperor Hsuan Tung of China could have enjoyed a vision of the future, he would have been puzzled. He would have seen himself deposed as Chinese Emperor and Son of Heaven in 1912, and then in 1932 appointed King of Manchukuo by grace of Japan.

An equally blurred view of the future would have impressed the eye of little Ahmed, the Shah of Persia. He was removed from the throne of his ancestors by a rough soldier named Riza Khan, because he spent his time and money with the fascinating sirens of Paris.

Deposition might not have alarmed the Shah if he could have continued his amusements, but when he was deposed most of his money was taken from him and he died, poor but virtuous, in a Paris suburb.

Many assassinations of Kings have occurred in carriages, from that of King Henry IV of France in 1610, to Alexander of Jugo-Slavia. If they think of this, they must feel uneasy when taking a ride.

And what would the future have shown to the funny little King Prajadhipok of Siam? He would have seen his subjects demanding their rights, although the country had lived under absolute despotism for a thousand years. But the King had no miraculous vision of the future, and when the question came up in the ordinary way he made many concessions to democratic sentiment, but he insisted that he should have the power of deciding whether a prisoner should be executed or not. The reformers would not agree to this.

The King's father had a thousand wives, but he only took one and has no son. As his male relatives all married on nearly the same liberal scale as his father, there are plenty of Princes qualified to succeed him.



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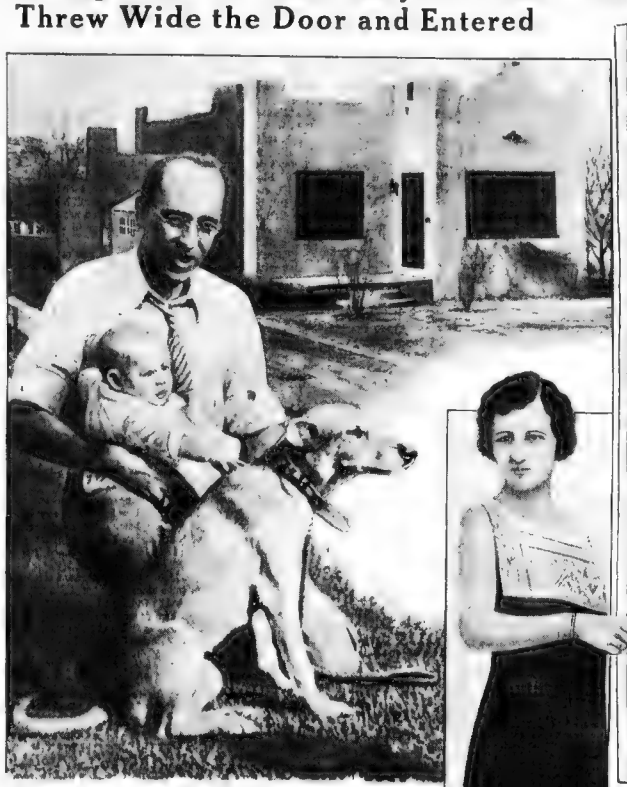
# Why the Bank Burglar's Christmas Tree Was Never Lighted

## "Daddy Will Be Home to Light the Tree Any Moment Now, Nancy," Murmured His Trusting Wife to Their Baby Girl—and Then Heartbreak and Tragedy Threw Wide the Door and Entered



Marion Jensen, the Bank Robber, Whose Wife Believed Him a Traveling Salesman, With Baby Nancy and the Family Dog in Front of the Jensen Bungalow.

*Mrs. Jensen Had Put the Last Ornament Upon the Christmas Tree. Suddenly the Door Opened and Two Men in the Uniform of the Motorcycle Police Stood There. Startled, She Caught the Baby Up in Her Arms and Shrank Back to the Shelter of the Tree.*

*One Said: "Are you Mrs. Jensen?"*

*"Yes," She Faltered. "I am waiting for my husband. He'll be home any minute now. Won't you come in and sit down?"*

*They Entered and Stood Silent. Hardened to Bitterness and Tragedy as They Were, They Found It Difficult Indeed to Give Her the Heartbreaking News They Bore.*

TRAGEDY struck at a trim little Denver bungalow Christmas Eve, revealing the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence of an ideal husband, whose supposed business trips into the hinterlands actually were forays in banditry.

Newspapermen and police arrived simultaneously at the neat stucco house—the kind of a house you want to be in on Christmas—that was soon to be a household of tragedy.

Within, the young wife and mother was busily engaged adjusting the last silvery bell on the Christmas tree.

Softly down the quiet street, from somewhere on the campus of Regis College, Jesuit School a half block distant, floated the words of the old familiar carol

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child . . ."

"Daddy will be home to light the tree any moment now, Nancy" said the mother to the cooing little daughter, watching her from a high-chair, her golden hair catching the glints of the last light of the day before dusk fell.

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the stairs. They paused at the door. They were not the sound of her husband's steps. Who was it there? The door opened and two men in the uniform of motorcycle police stood there. Startled, the mother caught the baby up in her arms and shrank back to the shelter of the Christmas tree.

Behind them there were the faces of other men. She did not know it, but they were newspapermen and detectives. They stood there irresolute, looking at that scene of peace, with the Christmas tree and the presents scattered about.

One said: "Are you Mrs. Jensen?".

"Yes," she faltered. "I am waiting for my husband. He will be home any minute now. Won't you come in and sit down?"

They entered, while she looked at them wonderingly. And still they stood silent, hardened to bitterness and tragedy as they were, but unable to mar that peace of the Christmas Eve with the dreadful news they bore.

The baby chuckled and Mrs. Jensen kissed her.

"Any moment now, Nancy," the mother murmured, tinkering with the tiny red, green and white globes that would soon light. "He'll be here and we'll light the Christmas tree. And he has promised to bring so many pretty things for his little darling."

The men sat there uneasily, squirming. One of them occasionally appeared about to speak, but the words wouldn't come. And there was more than a faint indication of tears in the eyes of Detective David Chuven, veteran member of the Denver Police Department, as he finally arose and cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Jensen," whispered Chuven huskily, licking his lips, "your husband robbed a bank at Harrison, Neb., today. He got $685. But they chased him, a posse did. Somebody shot him. He's dead."

There was a stifling silence, as if time were being held in check.

The last chorus of the Christmas carol drifted into the hush as the group of students from Regis College wandered down the street.

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright . . ."

Mrs. Jensen, her eyes wide with disbelief, clutched at the back of a chair. Her rapid breathing hindered her anguished words.

"I can't believe it. He was a good husband. He wouldn't do such a thing. There must be some terrible mistake. Why, he was coming home tonight. He wouldn't do it with his baby daughter waiting for him to bring home our Christmas. Why . . ."

She slumped to the floor. The baby began to cry, too. The detectives and newspapermen, in the midst of as bitter a Christmas Eve tragedy as they had ever known, tiptoed out. They sent neighbors in to care for the stricken young mother and orphaned daughter.

The story of Marion R. Jensen is written in the records of the Sheriff's office at Harrison, Neb., but the story of the agony of his wife cannot be written.

Jensen, thirty years old, former member of the United States Marine Corps and supposedly a traveling salesman for the International Steel Fence Co., of Minneapolis, held up single-handed, the Sioux National Bank at Harrison, on December 24, the day before Christmas.

Harold Jeffry, assistant cashier, was alone in the bank when Jensen, his hat pulled down over his eyes and his overcoat collar folded tightly around his neck, entered. Jeffry had just opened the bank after the noon closing hour.

Jensen leveled a pistol at Jeffry and ordered him into the vault, meanwhile gathering up cash in the cashier's cage. While he was doing this, three other persons entered the bank. They were H. H. Thompson, cashier, Zada Clark, bookkeeper, and Ferdinand Price, a rancher, who lives near Van Tassell, Wyo. Jensen ordered Thompson and Miss Clark to join Jeffry in the vault. He detained Price outside the cage. He quickly completed gathering up his loot and left, driving away in an automobile bearing Nebraska license plates.

His victims said he appeared nervous but spoke in soft tones.

Jensen drove out of Harrison westward, but doubled back eastward and was heading toward Crawford, Neb., when a posse sighted him. The posse was formed of Harrison business men and ranchers. They followed Jensen in fast automobiles about three miles and, as he attempted to round a sharp curve at high speed some twenty miles from Harrison, his car left the road and plunged over an embankment.

He scrambled from the overturned machine and fled on foot across a field, emptying a revolver in his right hand and a German Luger pistol in his left at the pursuing posse. Volley after volley of shots roared at him from the guns of the pursuers. The shots missed.

Then Albert Moody, a rancher, known as a crack shot, leveled a 30-30 rifle at him from a distance of about 500 yards and fired. The bullet struck Jensen below the ear. He died while being taken to a hospital in Harrison.

A wallet bearing an auto license card led to the man's tentative identification as Jensen. After the first flush of the tragedy had worn off, Mrs. Jensen, in Denver, insisted that the man was not her husband. She said her husband, whom she believed on his way home from a business trip to Wyoming, had been held up and robbed and his car taken by the bank bandit. The story sounded possible if not plausible.

But identification of Jensen as the bank bandit was established definitely through the letters "USMC" tattooed on the dead bandit's right shoulder and a three-inch scar on the right hip. Jensen was similarly marked, having had his shoulder tattooed while a member of the Marine Corps.



Mrs. Jensen, Whose Happy Christmas Eve Ended So Sorrowfully.

But the young widow still refused to believe that the man who had come home for Christmas was the man who entered the bank.

She said [illegible] model husband and father. [illegible] Northfield, Minn. [illegible] to Sioux Falls, S. D. [illegible] there, he said, [illegible] people [illegible] would be home [illegible] Christmas. [illegible] back to a [illegible] month [illegible] year ago [illegible] the night [illegible]

During [illegible] Jensen up [illegible] people [illegible] salesman for [illegible] facturing firm, of which he told her he was president. He would return from [illegible] according to friends, with presents [illegible] and many [illegible] and gold. [illegible] Jensen [illegible] impressed [illegible] [illegible] doing [illegible] fence [illegible] turning [illegible] the house [illegible] Christmas [illegible]

It was [illegible] husband [illegible] wife and [illegible] gifts [illegible] for the [illegible] Jensen [illegible] Eve [illegible] long [illegible] and [illegible]

And [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] had been [illegible] had [illegible] gold, was a gunman.

But when the man who had not arrived on schedule for Christmas came home New Year's Eve—a corpse on a stretcher in the baggage car of a train we bound from Nebraska—there could be no further room for doubt. Jensen's mother and a sister had gone to Denver to care for the funeral arrangements and to comfort the young widow. She was a pathetic picture as she trudged to the mortuary between them [illegible] figure of the [illegible] who [illegible] had believed [illegible] rolls.

She threw [illegible] casket crying "[illegible] Marion, that it [illegible]

"You [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

# Benny Takes the Count

by Charles Layng

**A Tyrolese Cow, Rendered Pardonably Curious by This Invasion of Her Pasture, Appeared Behind Benny at This Moment, and She Who Had Brought Down Her Lions in Tanganyika, Screamed and Flung Herself Into Franky's Arms.**

MIKE McLAUGHLIN always claimed that his daughter Benny wrecked automobiles faster than he could build them, but this was not strictly true, for Mike made and sold enough surplus cars to acquire a bountiful fortune.

This was just as well, for Benny, christened Berenice Angelica in one of the old pagan's reminiscent moods, had an infinite capacity for spending money. This capacity, Mike argued, was only exceeded by her capacity for getting into trouble.

The two, in fact, were somewhat linked, since getting Benny out of trouble was usually a costly proceeding. Man trouble was practically the only form of trouble into which Benny had not plunged. To her, men meant little, and as for marriage, well, it had never occurred to her. Even if it had, it is doubtful if any suitor unendowed with seven-league boots could have kept up with her, for Benny did not stay put very long. Consuls and customs officers in more than one strange port could have told weird tales of her meteoric passage.

The thought of marriage finally caught up with Benny in the course of a comparatively tame trip through Europe. Having just wrecked her third car in four months, and having been sternly forbidden to requisition another from any of her father's European branches, Benny was more or less marooned in the Grissons, particularly since her next allowance check was still two weeks off, and she had spent all of the preceding one. She had been in that part of Switzerland before, but always in the Winter, and now, in the full blast of Summer, she discovered a queer phenomenon. Those automatons who provided breakfasts, beer, orchids and skates to the elite of four continents actually lived lives of their own, when once the skiers and luge-runners had left. Births, deaths, marriage and giving in marriage were, she discovered, actually experienced by the people, and it was the union of one of the waiters at the hotel with a chambermaid that turned her thoughts to romance. She entered heartily into all the preparations for the nuptials, wept bitterly with the rest of the women as the bonds of wedlock settled down, and even deigned to catch the bride's bouquet.

Then the check arrived, and the same afternoon found Benny seated in a compartment of a Vienna-bound train, in an aura of romance and cigarette smoke, gazing out at the Tirol with a soft look in the round eyes, the same ones that had witnessed a cannibal dance in Borneo. But mood-ribbons lasted long with Benny, and the extent to which this one finally extended was entirely owing to a most fortuitous set of circumstances.

"Mush," she muttered to herself at last, and romance would have become just another of her chameleonic phases had not the Count Ferencz Darasz been passing along the corridor at exactly that moment.

"Hey, Franky!" she yelled joyously, as she spied him, and he stopped in one amazement.

"Fancy meeting you here," he said, and the flash of his smile against the bronze of his dark, exquisitely molded face was dazzling.

"Hum," Benny agreed, "a small world, and it's shrinking visibly."

The count raised an eyebrow.

"Is it really?" he said. "I hadn't noticed."

"In fact," Benny continued, judiciously, as she permitted herself the luxury of admiring his sartorial perfection, "it has shrunk until it includes only you and me—and love."

"Not to mention the dining car," the count amended, and even the hungry look in his eye became him. He had been in America for some years, this count, and he did not interpret the words and actions of most American girls as most Europeans would.

"Have you made that fortune of yours?" Benny asked.

"No."

"Then the woman pays—for dinner?"

"Exactly," the count agreed, in his most courtly manner.

The military regimen so characteristic of the European dining car, together with the necessity of finishing the soup, the fish and the whatnot in the rigidly adhered to time limit, somewhat stunted conversation during dinner, but, once settled in Benny's compartment—the count, be it noted, was riding third class—the flood burst forth.

"Which failed," Benny asked, "your invention, or marrying money?"

"Both," the count admitted sadly. "Your auto manufacturers wanted none of my invention, and your auto manufacturers' daughters wanted none of me."

"Did you try Agatha Burns?"

"Yes, and she refused me."

"Boy, if even Agatha would turn you down, your case is certainly hopeless."

"You're telling me?" the count asked, betraying the Detroit influence.

"Why on earth didn't you ever propose to me? Have I leprosy or housemaid's knee, or something?" Benny wanted to know.

"On the contrary, if I remember the styles of a few years ago, you have a very pretty knee."

"Then what?"

"You left town too suddenly," the count explained, and then, as he assumed, most creditably, he it said, a dreamy look, he continued:

"And, besides, I couldn't marry you for money—I love you."

"Can't understand it," Benny shook a puzzled and extremely attractive head; "that line should have gone over big with Agatha."

"Well, I'll tell you—" the count began.

Whatever it was he was going to say, and perhaps it wasn't so very important anyhow, was interrupted by a sudden exuberance on the part of the train. With a slight, but impatient, shrug of its powerful shoulders, the locomotive left the track, the cars followed, and the valley of Zauberbrunnen, normally given over only to yodels and the echoes of yodels, now rang with the shrieks of the unwounded and the living. For no one was hurt. It wasn't a bad derailment, a serious critics of wrecks would hardly have called it as much as a dress rehearsal.

Nonetheless, Benny and Ferencz were hurled, with a considerable absence of gentleness, out the open window and onto a grassy slope. When they had stopped rolling, Benny sat up and felt unsuccessfully for broken bones.

"Nous sommes arrivés," she said, "peculiar how excitement always brings out the French in me."

The count adjusted his monocle.

"Enfin seuls," he breathed, gazing at Benny with all the ardor of one with an unbroken ancestry of Hungarian lovers behind him.

"Bravo, Franky, you do that well," she said, "but, look here, you practically saved my life and—"

"How?" he wanted to know, reasonably enough.

"Well, you did," she insisted, "and you know the traditional fate of rescuers of fair damsels."

"What is it?"

"My blushes, my dear count."

"Ah, yes," the count supplied, "I know—they marry the girl and live happ—well, anyway, they marry the girl."

A Tyrolese cow, rendered pardonably curious by this invasion of her pasture by wagon-lits, Swiss cheese salesmen, and other unpastoral objects scattered about the landscape, appeared behind Benny at this moment, and she, who had brought down her lions in Tanganyika, screamed. Wildly, she flung herself into Franky's arms, and he received her with such practised ease that his monocle remained completely undisturbed. Just what happened to his heart is, and will always remain, a subject for conjecture, for that organ was not visible at the moment.

With equal suavity, he kissed her, and Benny made a rapid comparison of the thrills of shooting rhinoceroses in the wilds of Ujbuti with those of kissing counts amid Tyrolean pastures. The remembrance of the charging beasts brought a tingle that made a race of it for a time, but rounding the stretch, kissing counts pulled away and simply romped home. To be entirely sure, she tried it again. No—that tarpon landed after four hours' struggle off the Keys wasn't the equal of this, and, as for that Kodiak bear—well!

"May I remedy my lack of manners in Detroit by proposing to you now?" the count asked.

"You may," said Benny, snuggling closer.

"And may I also ask if you have lots of money?"

"Gobs."

"That's nice. Now the last difficulty is cleared away. Under the circumstances, will you marry me?"

"Wamoo," said the cow, and Benny jumped and swallowed her answer, but she remained in the protective shelter of the count's arms.

It was thus, a few minutes later, that a more than slightly puzzled conductor, wishful of announcing that the relief train was ready, found them and bundled them off to Vienna.

Benny was all for getting married at once.

"I want a title, you want money. You've got one, I've got the other," she told him, "let's go."

The count, though, required more time and, above all, parental approval.

"Oh," Benny told him, "Mike will say: 'Hooray'."

"Nonetheless," Ferencz cautioned, "you'd better cable him. In the meanwhile, I'll go home to Esztergom and prepare my mother for accepting you and giving her blessing. It's most necessary in Hungary."

"But when shall I see you again?" Benny protested.

"In Esztergom—a week from today," Ferencz replied.

A week later, with Mike's cabled blessings in her purse, an unwontedly serious Benny rode down the Danube near Esztergom. As the glinting light of a setting sun outlined the great dome of the Esztergom cathedral against the wild background of a mighty spur of the Carpathians, she began to realize something of that fierce love of home that she had occasionally detected beneath Ferencz's flippant manner. She, herself, casual stranger that she was, could feel its powerful charm. The impression was heightened when she had arrived at the Darasz villa, sadly bare and servantless now, on the hill behind the town, where the old countess sat upon her veranda, gazing out, with patrician eyes, upon the broad acres across the river, which had once belonged to Hungary and to the Counts Darasz, and now belonged to neither.

"My loved one!" the count greeted her. But Benny remained distrait.

"No mush just now, Franky," she said.

"O. K.," he answered, to the puzzlement of his mother, who also spoke what she thought was English. "What then, do you think of the ancestral manse?"

"It's lovely," Benny said sincerely.

"It'll be lovelier still," Ferencz replied, "after some of the McLaughlin dollars have been spent upon it."

"Ugh," Benny shuddered. "No need of being so highly damned unsentimental as that."

Ferencz took her, laughing, into his arms, and the world assumed a much more roseate and less sombrely serious aspect.

The old countess gave her consent to the marriage rather stiffly, and, in the weeks that followed, she busied herself with the wedding preparations, while Ferencz and Benny wandered far and wide through the mountains in a bantering idyll. It may have been the title and the sheer beauty of this Hungarian that had caused her to buy him at first, but now, Benny realized with a queer and unprecedented helplessness, she was in love with him, in love with the splendid courage he displayed under the cunning disaster of the war that had descended to pauperize the proud and haughty Darasz, in love with the smile with which he greeted each Hungarian morning.

"Now aren't you glad that your fuzzy old invention wasn't a success?" she asked him one day.

"Benny, mine," he said, with a fine simulation of sincerity, "I'm delighted. Invention—bah; money—pooh; but you—three cheers."

"And a tiger?" Benny asked.

"Naturally, and a jaguar, too, if you like," Ferencz amplified.

Dutifully, Benny spent some time each day on the veranda with the old countess. The latter was always frigidly polite, that fierce pride could not be conquered so soon. Sometimes the young baroness Marya Sturk joined them, and Benny squirmed under the reminiscences of the two noblewomen of the time when Marya was looked upon almost as the affianced of Ferencz. The old countess seemed to delight in torturing Benny thus, and it seemed, at least to Benny's jealous eyes, that Ferencz had not entirely forgotten, nor cared to forget, those bygone romantic passages with the Baroness Marya. Still, why should he forget, for, after all, despite her unfortunate falling in love, and despite their play at love-making, this was to be and had been recognized all along as a marriage of convenience. Day after day, Benny was delightfully polite to Marya, while her hands were itching for the feel of her elephant gun, or, perhaps, one of those Japanese whaling harpoons. McLaughlin women always held their men against all comers.

The pay-off, as was the case with nearly everything concerning Benny, came abruptly. Seated alone with the countess, Benny saw Ferencz come leaping up the road from the town in great strides, excitedly waving aloft a cablegram. He burst upon them with a shout, and gathered both of them into his arms.

"I'm a made man," he shouted, when he had regained sufficient breath. "Jones & Co. have offered me half a million dollars for my invention—dollars, mind you, not pengos, and with further royalties to come."

"Oh, Franky, that's splendid, and you're wonderfully clever," Benny said, although not without a vast sinking of her heart.

"That's what Marya told me," Ferencz replied carelessly, and it is probable that remark caused all the trouble.

"I should think that you might have told me first," Benny protested, when she and Ferencz had gone up to their favorite seat on the hill overlooking the broad curve of the Danube.

"But mother was there with you, and"—

"I don't mean that," Benny interrupted impatiently, "but you told Marya before then."

"Oh, my sweet silly," Ferencz smiled, "you know I love you, and only you."

"Thank you, Count Darasz," Benny said, speaking coldly and harshly to keep the tremor out of her voice, "you are, at least, a thorough gentleman."

Leaving an astonished Ferencz gaping after her, she rose and stalked down the hill to the villa.

It was there that Ferencz found her, an hour or so later, seated in the midst of her packed trunks. To the credit of Benny's courage, be it said that there were no traces remaining on her cheeks of the solitary tears that had been copiously shed.

"Where are you going?" Ferencz demanded.

"Vienna, Paris, London—and way points. Train leaves from track number five."

"But, my darling," Ferencz protested, "we're to be married next week."

"Ah, no. We're not. It's off."

Benny noted the look of sharp pain that crossed Ferencz's eyes. Ah, these Hungarians, she reflected, consummate actors and true sportsmen.

"But why?" he demanded.

"My dear count," Benny continued, "you know our bargain. I wanted a count—you wanted money. Well, you have money now, so I shan't hold you to our agreement."

"Nonsense, Benny mine. Don't you know that I love you, that I think you're the dearest, the sweetest thing on earth, that I'd marry you if neither of us had a penny?"

The perfection of Ferencz's performance rendered Benny's decision even harder, but bravely, she held to her task. His gesture was noble, undoubtedly he would abide by his end of the bargain, but she loved him, and she couldn't permit this sacrifice, couldn't permit him to know her feelings, or he would, she knew, with a mistaken sense of the sacredness of his word, follow her to the ends of the earth to keep it.

"You're a dear, Franky," she said, patting his hand. "But, with my looks, my money, and my shape, who knows but that I can land a prince."

The porter arrived, opportunely enough, for her bags, and Benny went down the hill to the wharf, to catch the up-river boat, leaving Ferencz standing by the villa, following her with a look that anyone would have been justified in believing was sheer agony.

"There," Benny said to herself as she reached her cabin, "I've fixed that. Now he can marry Marya, while I—well, there are still rhinoceroses in the Ujbuti."

Whereupon she flung herself into her berth and indulged in as protracted a fit of weeping as has ever been visited upon a McLaughlin.

Mike met her in Paris, and, beyond blinking slightly, he took the news that the orange blossoms had been nipped in the bud quite philosophically.

"Too bad," he mused, over one of his enormous cigars, "and that fellow had good stuff in him, too."

"How do you know, Mike?" Benny asked.

"Well, you see," he explained, "when I got your cable, I remembered this fellow had been in to see me some months ago about an invention. So I had one of my subsidiary companies buy it from him, and be-damned if they don't swear it's a darb."

Then, as Benny burst into a not too pleasant sort of a laugh, he continued, in some alarm:

"What's the matter, kid? Did I pull a boner?"

"No, no, Mike," his daughter assured him, "you acted with extraordinary finesse. Neither Franky nor I suspected for a moment that you were behind the purchase."

Her father grinned delightedly and chuckled her under the chin, while she made the bitter resolve that the rhinoceroses who gambled heavily on the shores of the Ujbuti would suffer for this.

But rhinoceros shooting, she discovered, is not the be-all and the end-all of life. Many people have discovered the same thing, and there would be even more of these if rhinoceroses were more readily available than they are.

Northward she wandered with aimless steps and restlessly, but without smashing any cars whatever, she got back to Europe. Gloomily, she went out to mope at Amalfi, where one can nurse a blighted love amid snatches of opera and breathe the crisp, if slightly garlic-scented, breezes that originate on the nearby islands where the Sirens sang.

It was there that she met Marya, a bright and blushing Marya, accompanied by a large thick man with splendid mustachios, and the shoulders and head, more particularly the latter, of a wrestler.

"I'm on my honeymoon," Marya confided flutteringly, "and this is my husband, the Baron Narconyi."

"But—but—" Benny gasped.

"Oh, you mean Ferencz," Marya giggled, "why, my dear, our affair was over long ago. He's mad about you, silly. I thought you knew. Why, even now, he's moping about his villa like—"

But Benny had left.

It's a long way from Amalfi to Esztergom, but there are fairly good roads, and Benny made it in record time—smashing only two cars en route.

**Ferencz Found Her an Hour or so Later, Seated in the Midst of Her Packed Trunks. There Were no Traces Remaining on Her Cheeks of the Solitary Tears That Had Been Copiously Shed.**



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# Dust to Dust

by "Moccasin"

THE conversation had turned to the inevitable topic—ivory. Not women, as you might have supposed. The tiny club in the tiny town on the great borderlands of Africa, where vast territories meet, was a neat little grass-thatched daub and wattle building, whose members were planters and hunters, with one exception, the president, who was the District Commissioner.

Cranston, who had made his escape from Abyssinia with twenty thousand dollars' worth of tusks and a nasty bullet wound in the leg, was cheerfully discussing weights and prices. Murchison retailed a delightful scrap with Belgian officials over the Semliki, and promised himself a holiday down in British East Africa before nipping over again to recover his buried hoard. Fotherwell was going to try out a new Purdy in German East.

"By the way," remarked Fotherwell, "I wonder what has happened to Maynard and Royce. They were due back from the Rufili country long ago. Heard anything of them, Stanton?" and he glanced at the man in the corner.

Stanton, who had hitherto remained silent, casually shrugged his shoulders.

"As I told you before," he said, "I saw them at the Aur village on the fringe of the desert. They'd got some fool notion that they'd discovered the mythical elephants' graveyard, and would insist on buying two months' stores from me That was a month ago, and I expect they are on their way for a giddy time in London by now."

But Stanton knew otherwise. He knew that Maynard and Royce had stumbled on a great discovery and that by this time Maynard's skeleton would nearly have become merged into the great hills of bone dust which rose above them. Maynard was a young fool, of course, and deserved that bullet through his heart. Royce was the brainy devil, but Royce by now was satisfactorily accounted for. Served 'em right if they couldn't keep the secret to themselves.

Stanton grimly visualized the occasion when young Maynard dashed impetuously into his camp brimming with the news of the discovery and begging for provisions. How he himself had joined Maynard and Royce and proved to his satisfaction that theirs was no mythical theory, but a gigantic discovery. How they had made plans to share the results of the find. How Royce had distrusted his motives and the quarrel they had had a few miles from camp.

Royce was a brainy devil. Stanton was never quite sure of Royce. Down by the stream, at a hundred and fifty yards, he had taken very careful aim and had seen Royce stagger; yet on emerging from the scrub he had found nothing but blood, and, although he had followed up the blood spoor to the edge of the stream, all traces of Royce had disappeared there.

Well, Royce must have fallen into the water, and no doubt that crocs had made scant work with his carcass. Royce being out of the way, he had considered on his leisurely way back to camp the utter futility of two people sharing such a valuable secret, especially a fellow like Maynard, who would be sure to blab. He had enticed Maynard up to the foot of the bone hills and judged the heart shot to a nicety. He had been very careful. He had buried Maynard's body deep in the bone dust. It enabled him to explain to the natives that the other two **bwanas** had proceeded on a safari by themselves. They had. A pretty long one. Well, he had left no traces.

"In any case," remarked Stanton, as he ordered another round of drinks, "I'm going that way again, and I'll see if I can find out anything about them."

Three weeks later Stanton had arrived at the Aur village on the edge of the forest, the desert stretching away before him as far as the distant white hills. He had come for a prolonged stay, and in his newly-built and comfortable **banda** gave his thoughts to a review of the situation.

He knew that the great graveyard was no myth. Maynard and Royce and he had seen very old or badly-wounded elephants tottering towards that ridge of hills. He was aware, too, that the hills were not formed of desert sand, but of pure bone dust, blown there and formed through countless aeons of time. His task was to find out what lay behind those hills.

Maynard had told him how they had spooned an old beast along a stream to the east and through a queer funicular opening in a high cliff face into a valley, and had there beheld the graveyard of the African elephant He himself had seen a number of old elephants going that way, which was sufficient incentive for Stanton to proceed with investigations.

Stanton chuckled and planned carefully. The forest natives among whom he was camped ventured no farther than the edge of the timber, for they averred that the desert was haunted by what they called "Cry of Evil," which admirably suited Stanton's plan of campaign. He did not want a lot of natives prying into his affairs.

True, it would be laborious work to carry by himself a week's supply of provisions to the old camp on the small stream which eventually lost itself in the desert sands, but time was his own and the possible result well worth it. Once established near water he had only to follow up an old elephant, survey the valley, and then down to Nairobi to make arrangements for transport. He could then lie back for the rest of his life in ease and Maynard and Royce? Bah! They were crawling through Hell by this time!

Towards morning Stanton awoke from a troubled slumber. From afar came a low, long-drawn-out moaning. The guard at the door of the **banda** shuddered.

"The Cry of Evil, **Bwana**," he muttered.

"Fool!" snarled Stanton. But he did not sleep again. Maynard and Royce...yes Royce had fallen forward and Maynard backward. "Forward and backward, Royce and Maynard. Backward and forward, Maynard and Royce," ticked the alarm clock, and, cursing the dawn, Stanton arose.

Two weeks later, from his small camp on the desert stream, Stanton was watching through his powerful glasses the approach of a great old tusker.

"This is the old brute I follow," he muttered, as he collected together his accoutrements, an ammunition belt, his .350, food for four days, his water bottle and an electric torch.

Within a few hours the lumbering brute had led Stanton up the small stream to a gigantic cliff face, towering high above the surrounding dust hills. For the first few miles the going had been easy, and at frequent halts Stanton had had the temptation and the opportunity to bring down the two hundred pounds of magnificent ivory. He had stifled the desire, however, and dogged the tusker into more rising ground, ever and ever rising, boulders and loose rubble making the way more difficult. Now he was right under the cliff face, about two hundred feet above the desert, and here he hastily filled his depleted water bottle. The elephant moved on into a perfect maze of low bush; but with unerring instinct, twisting now this way and now that, the great weary footsteps led Stanton to the mouth of a dark, frowning tunnel.

Maynard had not lied when he blurted the yarn. Royce had not voiced his suspicions of James Stanton without good cause. For Maynard he felt something akin to pity, but the exquisite reward of profiting from Royce's sneering and justified doubt of his own **bona fides** balanced any such weak sentiment.

"Damn 'em both!" he growled, and the mouth of the tunnel echoed. And far down below yet a third figure was toiling upwards. Bearded, gaunt and haggard, the khaki hanging in rags from his body, his left arm hanging limply by his side, and the bright fever light shining in his wild eyes, he kept to the shadow of the undergrowth, now dropping painfully to his knees in sheer exhaustion and, as painfully rising and struggling forward

"I'll-get-him-yet," he muttered as he clutched at the automatic on his right hip. "God—I'll—get—him!"

With doddering steps, but without hesitation the old elephant walked up the broad, smooth way into the tunnel Stanton hard at his heels. In the half light, with Stanton's soft hide shoes making no sound on the smooth rock, the path led upward and yet upward. In doubtful places Stanton used his tiny electric torch, for he knew that time had dulled all hereditary alertness in his guide. As the strangely-matched couple went slowly forward, the man noticed several side tunnels turning off the main one, but these were small—too small for an elephant but large enough for a human being.

At last came the dim half light marking the other end of the tunnel. Stumbling, and not a little bruised, Stanton followed until finally the bulk of the huge beast at the exit blotted out the light and caused him to stop. Soon, however, the dark jagged sides of the opening were thrown into silhouette, and, in tense anticipation, Stanton edged forward and emerged on to a wide platform of rock The scene which met his gaze caused him to sink to his knees in rapturous awe. He looked out on a narrow valley with sheer tremendous cliffs rising a thousand feet above him on either side, black and forbidding, without the slightest sign of vegetation. The elephant he had followed was slowly descending a gradually-sloping path down the cliff face to the valley beneath. It was the floor of the valley which riveted Stanton's attention. As far as he could see, until the converging high cliffs obscured the view, was a continuous road of pure white, dotted here and there by the forms of great elephants, still standing or but recently fallen. He suddenly bethought himself of his glasses.

Ah! yes. Here at last was the answer to the riddle which for so long had puzzled hunters and scientists alike None had seen the carcass or bones of an elephant which had died from natural causes. Here was the explanation!

Peering carefully through his powerful glasses, he discerned, two hundred feet immediately beneath him, countless heaps of tusks of all dimensions on a bedding of fine dust. In some places the dust was predominant, like a smooth sand-hill of the Sahara, with but a tusk protruding here and there. At the wandering frames of [illegible] dead. Again a freshly-killed [illegible] A little farther up [illegible] several [illegible] from [illegible] waiting waiting The [illegible] of bone dust, black with grease, on that seemed [illegible] to the sheer cliff. Then, with [illegible] to move its ponderous head from side to side.

Another [illegible] It was a puff of dust and a slight [illegible] where it had fallen

Stanton watched for a long time, and then realized that he was hungry, dirty and generally weary. As he sparingly ate and drank he mused on the valley and on the depth of the dust [illegible] beneath him. Here was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, but such a vast quantity would certainly [illegible] the world's markets for generations to come. No, he must formulate some scheme on the lines of the Diamond Syndicate in South Africa. He must launch a company. He might [illegible] the board room, himself the chairman of the company meeting. The World's Ivory Company [illegible] Stanton fell asleep.

Towards dawn he [illegible] From the far end of the valley came a long-drawn moaning sound, an incarnate wail, gathering in intensity. Far off a white mist seemed to be gathering

The Cry of Evil." He thought of the native superstition, and with that, of Maynard and Royce

Well, they can't help me," he chuckled, "and anyway, I'll find out for myself what the 'Cry of Evil' is. Come, Stanton, you are made of pretty hard stuff."

The sound gained in volume, and the mist was travelling quickly towards him up the valley. He found it was becoming difficult to breathe, and, blowing his nose, observed that his handkerchief was [illegible] prayed with blood Suddenly the explanation of the "Cry of Evil" dawned upon him, and, struggling across the great sand and the flying white shroud in which he was now enveloped, he battled his way into the entrance of the tunnel, where he lay panting and gasping

Past the entrance shrieked a white whirlwind of dry bone-dust The [illegible] fury of the blast echoed through the tunnel with deafening insistence. Stanton crawled farther back to escape the thin clouds of dust which were filtering in as the wind fiend hurled by

Suddenly the tumult slackened and finally died away, into that plaintive, uncanny moan which Stanton had become to know so well. Weak and still coughing fine blood he crawled out upon the edge of the platform and, gazing through his glasses, beheld a valley of unvarying uniform white

"So that explains our wonderful 'Cry of Evil,'" said Stanton with a dry chuckle; "a big wind from one end of the valley, confined on either side by a thousand feet of sheer volcanic cliff, collects the dry dust of a thousand years of bones and drives it along the valley. And the natural sequence is that beneath me are hills of bone dust nearly two hundred feet high, effectually masking the natural entrance to the valley. All very interesting."

As he spat out a little more blood, he realized why the natives had never discovered the valley Before ever a good track to the dying elephant through the tunnel, they would have been assailed by the "Cry of Evil," and, unsophisticated and superstitious as they were, would have bolted back to the shelter of the forest

Stanton resolved that on the morrow he would leave the tunnel, for water was becoming short He would camp on the stream for a day or so and knock over some ivory to pay expenses, thence for the Aur village and Nairobi, and heighe for fortune!

Maynard and Royce" Royce and Maynard! Damn 'em again. Stanton slept heavily and undisturbed

Dawn broke again, and Stanton arose to stretch himself. He felt singularly fit The wealth that was to be his gave an added zest to the task before him. Through his glasses he took a last-minute survey of the valley before him A he did so he observed the white mist coming and the end of the valley, and heard again the moaning of the rising wind. He laughed and turned into the tunnel

Through the first half Stanton made good progress but here he suddenly became aware of the approach of great padded feet, softly, surely. He had not thought of this contingency In the dark it would be impossible to pass the elephant. In the dark he could not shoot, and the use of his torch would probably prove fatal to him

He began slowly to retreat, with infinite care placing his steps. It would not do to slip. The great beast seemed aware of his presence and began to trumpet. He could hear the great trunk feeling from side to side, and realized that it was searching for him

With every muscle braced, Stanton traveled steadily backward. He became aware of the dim light marking the exit of the platform, but resolved to take a side tunnel This side tunnel he knew led out to the platform, but he had not explored it. He could wait there until the huge brute had passed

The gray light behind him was growing stronger The elephant was striving toward him. There seemed to be some evil intent on its part to overtake Stanton The mouth of the high wind began to echo down the tunnel, growing in intensity. Little eddying clouds of dust caused him to cough. In front of him he could dimly discern the outline of the great beast

Then, suddenly a chance ray of flashing sunlight fell athwart the gloom With a shrill scream the great tusker, terribly wounded by some hunter month ago, hurled forward its mighty bulk, and as Stanton flung himself into the side tunnel he caught a fleeting glimpse of the ghastly festering wound It had proved mortal in the end, and the poor brute was coming home to die And behind the maimed beast Stanton had seen...but, no! That was impossible!

Something wound about Stanton's feet and he fell, gasping and exhausted But he was safe No elephant could follow There was the dim light at the end of it, leading out on to the platform. Bah! he could dodge elephant all day! And if it was Royce, well, he had something left for Royce. He patted his forty-five calibre revolver

He arose with difficulty, sweeping away the entanglement round his legs, and stumbled on. Within a few yards his hands seemed to be encased in tight gloves without fingers. His step were dragging His left arm seemed tied to his side. His rifle was gone He struggled forward, each step slower than the last. With a superhuman effort he dragged his electric torch from his right pocket

As he staggered out into the open, which was the meaning of the side wind, he halted louder. But he was nearing the exit With a further effort of his thumb he pulled down the switch of the torch, and then that thumb had gently bound to his now useless hand But Stanton had ceased

He was not [illegible] crucified in gossamer ropes of [illegible] in [illegible] terror The torch fell from [illegible] hand [illegible] closed thicker around him. Again he [illegible]

"Maynard! Royce! Help! Help!"

With one [illegible] supreme effort Stanton, bound from head to knees, tripped out on the rock platform. Through the mist of [illegible] driving bone-dust a huge form was [illegible] by [illegible] a great, gaping, festering wound showing down [illegible] boulder By its side stood Royce slowly fumbling at his holster

"Maynard! Royce! Oh, God! Help!" he shrieked, pointing, bound, over the face of the cliff into the billowing dust cloud

"Maynard! Royce God...Help..." sang the last winds, as they smoothed over the puff of dust made by Stanton

We pieced together the story during the more lucid intervals of Royce's delirium He had evidently been wandering out there alone, living on the forest fruits and roots, fever-ridden, half crazy and with his left arm smashed by a .350 bullet, which we extracted with difficulty. There was no hope for him, poor devil! Four wandering native hunters brought him in, in the last stages of black-water fever. We did what we could—a pitiful little—but it was hopeless from the start. He lies buried with his great secret out there, not far from the tiny club

And Stanton was the only one of us who had possessed a .350 Rigby.

**"Maynard Royce! ... God! Help!" He shrieked, spinning, bound, over the face of the cliff into the hills of bone dust far below—"Maynard!...Royce...God! ... Help!..."**

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# New Secrets of the Sureté, The French Det

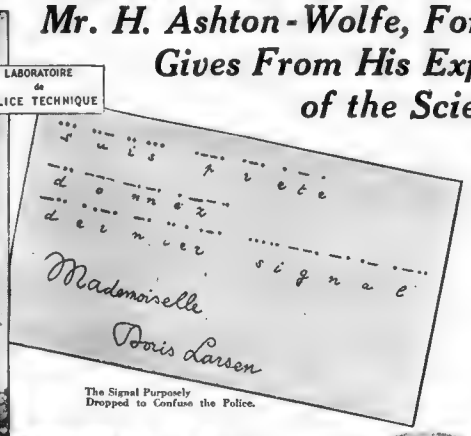
## *Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police La*
## *Gives From His Experiences Some More St*
## *of the Scientific Detection of Crim*
## *With Photographs Fro*
## *the Official R*

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is already well know
The American Weekly. For many years he
the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete
Police), the foremost of all modern scientific dete
Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the r
Detective Bureau, and in his new series now gives furt
the unerring instruments of science in the hands of
often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and
baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series
official records. Some of the details have been set for
and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain
wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writ

"I have myself taken part in the investigations o
most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have
because of the ingenuity displayed both by the la
investigators."

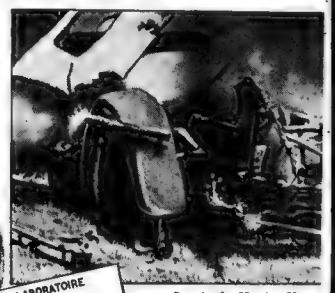
Police Photograph Taken at the Scene of the Murder, Showing How Tierce, Shot Through the Heart, Dangled From the Window Sill.




The Signal Purposely Dropped to Confuse the Police.

The Severed Hand Inspector Colbert Found, Which Was the First Real Clue.

Mlle. Doris Larsen, the Murdered Girl.



Seen in the Morning Mist, t
Were a Shocki

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

### CHAPTER III.

*(Continued from Last Sunday)*

Copyright, 1935, by Chrisi A. M ro

THE clanging tumult ceaselessly drifting in pulsing waves across the Rue Charenton from warehouse and storage yard whence wines and brandy from the south are loaded all day into lorries, had died away in decreasing flurries as the afternoon waned, and I had begun to look forward to the moment when Inspector Rousseau would join me and relieve the tedium of my vigil. A biting wind tinged with rain and frost pierced my inadequate rags and chilled me to the bone and only by marching briskly up and down before the house it was my task to keep under observation, did I succeed in bringing back some warmth to my frozen limbs.

The neighborhood was unspeakably dismal and dreary, and the streets of the kind that usually gave me a throbbing headache and the feeling that life was utterly, hopelessly squalid. I had bowed my head to a more than usually fierce blast, carrying before it a cloud of refuse, when a heavy hand on my shoulder caused me to duck and wheel swiftly.

"Here I am at last," Rousseau's cheery voice cried. "By the Lord, you are blue and your teeth are chattering. Let's go across to Le Pere Muller and warm ourselves with a bowl of spiced hot wine. You need not bother about this case any more tonight; Louys is taking over at once."

"There has been a killing in the Batignolles district. Bertillon sent me to fetch you. So I have brought the big Delage car and we can buzz back at top speed. He wants to look at the place before it gets too dark."

A few minutes later, warmed and heartened by the hot wine, I snuggled down as low as possible by my friend's side, wrapped to the eyes in his greatcoat and a rug, for I knew from long experience what it meant to drive with him on a cold day in an open car.

* * *

I found my chief impatiently pacing his room, munching his favorite mint and paregoric lozenges, a sure sign that something unusual had happened. My fingerprint outfit was standing ready on a chair and with scarcely a word of greeting he led the way to the rear of the Surete building, where stood his own private limousine, with the examining magistrate, Monsieur Maubeuge, lolling comfortably on the cushions. He had not come to accompany us, however, he said, but would instead give Bertillon a brief outline of the case.

"I am afraid, mon cher, that you will not find the investigation very interesting," he exclaimed pompously, "although there are one or two queer features.

"Jacques Tierce, the victim, ostensibly a young man about town with plenty of money and therefore plenty of friends—well liked despite his seemingly frivolous, shallow nature, was in reality a clever inventor, attached to the artillery section of the War Office; his dilettante manner was a pose to conceal his true activities, but there is no doubt, unfortunately, that his too notorious love affairs were real; so we may take it for granted that his death is the denouement of a 'drame passionnel.'

"I'm convinced that there is nothing mysterious or political behind the tragedy. I admit I was inclined to think at first that one of the numerous emissaries of some foreign government, or an international spy, had killed him, but even the cursory inquiry I've made convinced me that the assassin is a woman; I suspect his fiancee, in fact, of the crime. Poor devil—he was shot in most cowardly fashion from an ambush as he leaned out of his window. . ."

"It strikes me as a queer time of the year to be leaning from a window, don't you think so too?" Bertillon interrupted. "What made him go to the window?"

The magistrate shrugged his shoulders in truly Gallic fashion.

"Well, I don't know exactly; that, mon cher, is for you to find out. Maybe he was expecting a visitor, a lady perhaps, and became impatient. Anyway that is how it happened, for when found he was hanging half over the sill, a bullet from a large calibre automatic pistol in his heart. From what I've gathered the girl was actually seen to fire the shot, although I have not yet been able to question the man who can give us this bit of evidence. From inquiry I have learned that his sweetheart, Doris Larsen, has been hanging round his house for days and made no secret of her intention to kill him. They had quarreled and he had told her somewhat brutally that he was tired of her and meant to marry someone else. Tierce, in fact, was much too handsome, and, between ourselves, inclined to be a bit of a cad with the fair sex.

"No doubt you will find sufficient evidence of the girl's guilt. An inquiry into the amorous entanglements of this modern Don Juan should prove interesting—he was bound to become the prey of a jealous woman sooner or later. Au revoir, and good luck!"

* * *

The house to which Rousseau drove us turned out to be one of those old-fashioned buildings that once were isolated country residences at a time when the great city did not yet extend beyond the Madeleine and the Rue St. Lazare. Prettily painted and well kept, its appearance clearly showed its owner to have been a man of artistic temperament, with money and leisure besides, whatever his pose. The garden, too, was well laid out and the flowerbeds under the windows, although empty at this season, gave it an air of seclusion and aloofness rarely seen so near the busy city.

Although a number of police officers were on guard outside to prevent the curious from approaching too closely, Bertillon flushed angrily at sight of the swaying, jostling crowd.

"If there were any wheeltracks or footprints near the gates that we might have found useful they have been trampled on and destroyed by that herd of buffaloes. So we need not bother to look." And signing for us to follow, he walked slowly up the drive, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"There is the window, sir," Rousseau explained. "They have moved the body, of course, but I understand that otherwise everything in the house has been left exactly as it was. Somebody took a photograph of the body at the window before it was removed, I am told, and I expect to have a print shortly."

Bertillon nodded. "Whence did the shot come?"

"From across the road, sir. That corner house over there with the bushes forming a hedge behind a stone parapet. It seems the woman crouched behind those bushes and rested her pistol on the stones for better aim."

"H-m-m, it's a good twenty yards. Was only one shot fired?" And at Rousseau's nod: "Well, she evidently knew how to handle a gun. You say she rested the weapon on the parapet——"

"Yes, according to an eye-witness it was one of those pistols to which a stock can be affixed, thus transforming it for the time being into a rifle."

Bertillon whistled pensively: "Is that so? An unusual way of killing a man in this country, don't you think? This girl—if girl it was—must have been a bit of a sportswoman, accustomed to shooting at big game. That alone should help us to fix her identity. Tell the sergeant to clear this rabble away. I don't want a lot of tomfools watching me while I am working. Stay by the door till I call you."

So saying, he began at once to search the semi-circular flowerbed beneath the window for footprints. Then having scrutinized the window-sill, he disappeared hurriedly into the house itself.

"What strikes me as queer about the case is the absence of any real reason why the assassin should have risked capture by shooting the poor fellow in broad daylight," Rousseau said thoughtfully. "If, as the magistrate thinks, it was his sweetheart shot him, one would have thought she had plenty of opportunities for killing him in a less spectacular manner. Spectacular—and uncertain—for she might easily have missed. It's also unbelievable that a young girl could have had the nerve to shoot a man in a busy thoroughfare as though simply potting at a rabbit and then calmly make her get-away. Let us walk across the road and look at the other place. We shan't be wanted for a while yet."

A notice in a window of the corner building indicated that it was for sale, which explained how the murderess had been able to lie in ambush behind the hedge without being immediately challenged. I soon found the deep indent of a woman's knee in the earth near a narrow gap in the shrubbery resembling a loophole, with the impress of a tiny high-heeled shoe alongside, showing whence the shot had been fired, and a couple of feet behind the gap I picked up an empty cartridge shell.

"Mauser forty-five," Rousseau ejaculated, rolling it across his palm. "Phew, a pretty hefty firearm for a wench to carry about. No wonder she could shoot straight with that. I'll wager the bullet went right through the poor devil and slap into the wall behind. We'd better make some gelatine and plaster casts of these impressions in the ground; they'll come in useful."

I was still busy with this work when Rousseau touched me on the shoulder.

"Look what I've found—" he said, and his expression was enigmatical as he held out a half sheet of paper, of which the four corners had been folded over as though to form an envelope. "Dot-dash-dash-dot—in the Morse code, and the translation underneath: **'I'm ready—flash final signal'** and on the other side—**'Mam'zelle Doris Larsen—urgent.'** It's queer—by thunder—Is it a blind I wonder—or did that fool girl drop it in her agitation? I should say this is the signal she had to give when she was in position with her gun. So she may indeed have dropped it unwillingly, having both hands occupied—but name of a dog—Ah! Here is the chief."

Bertillon, who had crossed unperceived, held out his hand for the paper.

"H-m-m," he grunted, reading the message and the name on the back. "Quite a lot of indications over there fit in with this. Evidently the trick used to get the young inventor to the window was of childish simplicity. He was called to the telephone, which is in his study, a few steps from that front room in which he was shot. Whoever spoke to Tierce over the phone, succeeded in making him furiously angry. And just as he slammed down the receiver, a stone flung from the street cracked the big front window. Of course—he opened it and leaned out to see who threw the stone—and the girl shot him through the heart.

"I've sent a cyclist to the address of the man—a window-cleaner — who saw the shot fired; I want to hear his story. He'll no doubt point out how the girl came and went; maybe he also saw the fellow who threw the stone. Grande simplicite—eh? But timed to the second. Here is the bullet—nickel-jacketed you see, and only slightly flattened. I pried it out of the wall to the left of the window. When you've finished here, come over, you'll find me in the room where the body is lying."

It was quite dark by the time our principal witness arrived breathless. His story merely confirmed what we had already been told. He had

# ective Police

## *boratories of Paris, riking Examples ıe, Together m ecords*

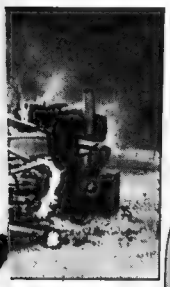
vn to the readers of was associated with (French Detective ctives. Again Mr. ecords of the Paris ıer examples of how highly-trained men l clear up the most

can be found in the th in dramatic form and reopening old es.

r the final trials of pecifically selected w-breakers and the

*"A frightful blow on the head sent me lurching forward, and a kick at the small of my back threw me crashing against a chair, where I collapsed and rolled over beneath a couch. At my unexpected irruption, L'Hermite had turned his head, but seeing me fall, he wheeled swiftly and fired twice with incredible speed. But quick as he was, I had managed to hook my foot behind his and kicking at the same instant with all my strength just below his knee, hurled him sideways to the floor.*

*"Although his aim had been deflected from her heart, both bullets had struck the woman in the shoulder; she screamed at the sear and tear of the lead, and, believing herself mortally wounded, clutched at the curtains before the window to steady herself and then, before anyone could guess her intention, flung herself at L'Hermite, driving her knife into his breast as she fell across him."*



he Remains of the Car ng Sight.

Judith Grabist, as Dangerous as a Tigress.

been at work on his ladder at the opposite corner, he said, hidden perhaps by a huge elm-tree standing just there —and turning to take his leather from its pail, he saw a woman wrapped in thick furs, and wearing a veil, slip furtively into the garden of the empty house and walk the length of the hedge, her eyes on the ground as though searching for something. After a moment's hesitation, she dropped to one knee where there's a gap in the bushes and he watched her take something from a hand-bag, with which she made some curious, and at the time incomprehensible gestures. It was only later he realized that she must have held a powerful pocket-lamp, with which she signalled to a hidden confederate.

A moment later a curiously modulated whistle had sounded from the garden on the other side, and the sound had galvanized the woman into frantic action. She had drawn a big pistol, and a kind of stock from a pocket inside her cloak, and swiftly fitted them together. Looking towards the house at which she appeared to be aiming, he had caught the crash and tinkle of breaking glass, he saw the window flung violently open, and a man lean out. Like a flash he grasped what was afoot and yelled to warn the man, but too late, for at that second had come a vicious report from the bushes where the woman was kneeling, echoed by a horrible choking cry as the man at the window threw up his hands and collapsed across the sill, mortally wounded. Our witness had immediately scrambled down from his ladder, dropping his leather and his pail of water in his excitement. He reached the ground just as the woman came running out of the garden, but before he could intercept her, she darted towards a car gliding silently past at that moment, and jumping on the running board, had been instantly whisked away.

The shot and the man's terrible cry had naturally brought his servants on the scene; so, since pursuit was obviously futile, he had gone across to see if the man was dead, and when a few minutes later the commissaire de police arrived, he had related briefly what had occurred, and given his name and address.

"This woman—can you describe her, my friend?" Bertillon asked.

The man shook his head doubtfully: "What can I say, Monsieur? She was tall and dark, and I believe I could recognize her picture if I saw it—but I didn't get a really clear view of her face, she was so wrapped in furs and veil; besides she was off in a flash. But she looked like a lady—that's sure—and she was a cool customer; steady as a well-trained soldier. You should 'a seen the quick way she acted the minute her signal was answered; and then—by the very way she took aim and fired, it was easy to see, by thunder, that the whole thing had been carefully thought out, and even I expect, rehearsed, like a play at the theatre. An' I reckon, too, that she had a smart pal helpin' her—whose job it was to fetch that poor man to the window by chucking the stone at it. I had been wonderin' where he stood—?"

"He used a sling," Bertillon interrupted. "I found it. So evidently you didn't see the man—"

"No—but I'm almost sure someone bolted from the public telephone booth next that little shop back o' the dead man's house, and—now I think of it—that's where the whistle came from! I could almost swear that just as she ran to the automobile, a man came sneaking out o' the garden over the way, and ran as hard as he could the other way."

Bertillon nodded and I saw some coins pass from his hand to that of his informant.

"Thank you, my man," he said. "You have been a great help to me. I'll let you know if I want you again." Then turning to us he added: "Wait for me; I'll have a talk with the fellow who keeps the little shop he mentioned."

"A slick bit of business," Rousseau commented, when Bertillon had disappeared. "It's not often a woman has the pluck to do what this one's done. Lord! They must have timed it absolutely to the minute."

We were still discussing the various aspects of this puzzling case when Bertillon came hurrying back and climbed into the car beside me.

"Smart lad, that window-cleaner; he was quite right," he remarked as Rousseau started his engine. "There was a man in the telephone booth at the time of the tragedy. The shop-keeper declared emphatically that it was not he who whistled, however. It was the other one—the fellow who flung the stone, of course. Stationed near poor Jacques Tierce's house, he relayed his pal's and the girl's signals. His whistle was meant to warn the girl the crucial moment was at hand; as soon as they were sure she had not missed, they split up and vanished, each in a different direction.

"Doesn't it strike you as extraordinary, however, that a girl like Doris Larsen, who must have had lots of opportunities of seeing Tierce alone, should plan such a spectacular crime as this—there must have been some special reason for that. It was lucky perhaps, our friend the window-cleaner did not try to follow the murderess, or he might have stopped a bullet too. By the way—he got the number of the car, though I'm prepared to find they used a fake number-plate.

"There is little more we can do to-night. I shall be busy with telephone and telegraph until a late hour, so when you've finished with your negatives and plaster casts, go to bed in the service room in case I need you early to-morrow."

* * *

Yet I saw little of Bertillon or my colleagues the following day, fully occupied as I was until late, with another case. Rousseau came in, however, soon after midnight, looking very mysterious—and persuaded me to stay at headquarters again—and since I was very tired, I made no demur. Usually an intricate and interesting case had the effect of keeping me wide-awake, my brain subconsciously busy with the various details; but for once Rousseau's rambling recital of the day's events swiftly faded and mingled with other visions, not of crime, as I slipped almost immediately into a deep sleep. Yet it seemed to me I had hardly closed my eyes when I felt someone shaking me violently, and starting up, I perceived my friend standing by my cot, a mug of steaming coffee in his hand.

"Aha—awake at last," he said with an amiable grin. "Here drink this, mon vieux! You're to get busy on that shooting case. The chief's got one of his restless fits, and I can understand it. A queer business it certainly is."

While he was speaking, the Church of St. Andre struck six and I almost dropped my cup in astonishment. "What the devil do you mean by waking me already?" I cried peevishly. "Since when do we start at such an ungodly hour when there's no need for it?"

"I told you, mon vieux, that the chief's begun very early. You see, he's got hold of a lot of new facts. He heard through Colbert that Doris Larsen and Tierce had a violent quarrel about a week ago, when the girl was heard to say as she left him, that 'she'd kill him rather than let such a woman marry him!'

"Then the next day she received a letter—contents unknown—which turned her into a Fury, and despite her mother's pleading she packed a small hand-bag, telling her she was going to stay with some friends at Enghien, from where she could keep a watch on this other woman, who apparently lives somewhere quite near these friends at Enghien. Well, she went there but only stayed one night. The next afternoon she telephoned her friends to say she would probably not come back. She was seen in Paris for some time hanging about her sweetheart's house, and later she got her car from the Royal Garage—where she had left it for a trifling adjustment. But the garage man says there was absolutely nothing the matter with the car.

"She was seen driving out to Enghien again; a man at a pump station where she filled up recognized her and spoke to her. But she did not turn up at her friend's place, telephoning instead to say she had changed her mind and was going home. The following day she was again seen once or twice, although no one knows where she stayed the night; and the day after—that's day before yesterday—we know what happened; she shot Jacques Tierce.

"Now you know Colbert—he wasn't satisfied with what he had discovered. The girl's trail seemed to end in such a very mysterious manner outside Enghien. So he prowled about the neighborhood for a time, and by the merest chance his attention was drawn to the antics of some stray dogs. The beasts seemed to be frenziedly digging into the frozen earth. He chased them away—and found—you'd never guess what—a severed hand!"

"What's that!" I shouted, leaping from my bed. "A severed hand? Whose—the girl's?"

"No—a man's—hacked off at the wrist, apparently with a knife. He at once circled the ground, and led by a trail of dry blood, came to an abandoned, dilapidated bungalow. The place was in wild disorder; smashed chairs, blood-stains, and several bits of rope as though someone had been tied up there and cut loose. What's more, he found a square of lace-edged cambric with 'Doris' embroidered in one corner. Doris Larsen's handkerchief evidently. This case is becoming a puzzler, so if you've finished dressing and are ready, we'll go along to Bertillon's office."

"What does he think about this hand then?" I asked, following my friend downstairs.

"He believes she got in touch with that arch-criminal L'Hermite."

"In touch with L'Hermite—" I echoed foolishly. "How does he think a girl of her social standing would come to know such a rogue?"

"Oh, not as a criminal at first—of course. You know he was a gentleman once—and still goes to all kinds of social functions—disguised and under an alias. Also she is a strange, wild sort of girl—her head stuffed with romantic tomfoolery—the glamour of crime—you know!"

"Ah—that's the type—is it?"

"Yes—and the chief thinks that when she'd made up her mind to murder poor Jacques Tierce—she called upon L'Hermite for counsel and assistance, which he would give—at a price. God alone knows what that price was—anyhow whilst they were in the old ruined bungalow—something happened—what I don't pretend to know—and it was then one of L'Hermite's men lost his hand."

* * *

Bertillon was perched on the edge of his desk, chewing vigorously at his eternal mint and paregoric lozenges when I entered, a sure sign that he was excited. I had known him to work all day and night, when needful, stopping neither for food nor drink, but keeping himself going with these beastly tablets—which I fancy acted as a brain tonic.

When he saw me he pointed mutely to a box

Continued on Page 16.

Baby Ann coughed night after night, writes Mrs. J. H. Long, Arizona, New Jersey. The first night I used Penetro she coughed only 2 times. 2 days later her cough was gone

2 Days of "Moist-Throat" Method

**STOPPED BABY'S COUGH!**

*Famous extract of medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture glands*

NATURE put thousands of tiny lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes to keep them moist. When you catch cold, these glands clog, throat dries, cough tears and irritates. You cough. Penetro penetrates to these moist-throat glands that frequently harbor stubborn, nose-and-throat cold germs. Penetro's special medicinal vapors carry soothing relief to dry, irritated throat glands. Within a couple of hours, Penetro has entirely absorbed the phlegm, quieted the cough, relieved the throat tickle. Keeps head clear. Stops nose running. Helps you sleep. Penetro costs but a few cents a dose. Ask for Penetro Nose Drops also.

GLANDS HERE CLOG— THROAT DRIES— WHEN YOU CAUGHT THEM COUGHING STARTS!

**PERTUSSIN**

*Tastes good, acts quickly and safely*


DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

# New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

on the bench, and there on a bed [illegible] the covered [illegible] a pipe and, lying beside [illegible] the pale clearly of [illegible] unsteadily.

I had taken eight—ten of [illegible] for they are," he [illegible] packing to one side of [illegible] Then, sinking down, he began to draw on [illegible] and sniffed small drawn on thick [illegible] gauze, for the morning [illegible]

"The hard part of Paul Le Balafre," he added, "you remember him, don't you? One of L'Hermite's gang? Now you [illegible] why I took that arch-[illegible] up in such a way [illegible] hunting of Jacques [illegible] Arc was ready." Then [illegible]

Fortunately I too had taken the precaution of dressing warmly [illegible] Yet the drive to Enghien, at [illegible] was reckless speed, [illegible] I froze when at last [illegible] police car op[illegible] dismal down bungalow. [illegible] a couple of hour. Bertin was entirely absorbed in [illegible] searching, measuring, [illegible] every found in the [illegible] to do, and then after [illegible] asked, [illegible] on his [illegible] and was at last [illegible] by the time was [illegible]

[illegible] getting [illegible] more puzzling [illegible] delve into it," he grunted. "A. [illegible] But Lacroix met one [illegible] in Deir-[illegible] Terrace not [illegible] to reach it. [illegible] other [illegible] with [illegible] to five days ago—that was the affair the footprints, and other [illegible] [illegible] Tested, could have been [illegible] In the night a sharp frost [illegible] which has lasted ever since [illegible] that's how the imprints have retained clear outlines. That hand Colbert found was buried [illegible] about the [illegible] it is still perfect [illegible] the intense [illegible] [illegible] the quarrel [illegible] [illegible] for Le Balafre [illegible] hard tarted be[illegible] or other [illegible] arrival. I don't know [illegible] before, I think! Le Balafre [illegible] and up I fancy but managed to break away or was pursued. He has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the grass to the road. He fell once, but was helped up again, and there are a number of empty cartridge cases at that spot, so there was obviously some shooting on both sides."

"But the thing—what became of the girl whom we had to go what did he do with [illegible] until the fatal afternoon, when, egged on no doubt by the [illegible] she became a [illegible]? Well—drive us back to headquarters, Rousseau, I want to think things over."

* * *

The rest of the day was employed in completing the various [illegible] plus [illegible] of footprints and [illegible] data the investigation given us so far. It was [illegible] when I brought my [illegible] to Bertin's office, where I found [illegible] earnest conclave with Bertin [illegible] Colbert [illegible] [illegible] something to eat [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gazing absent-mindedly at my papers, "and then you and Rousseau had better dress for a tour of the cellar-taverns and apache haunts in quest of news of Le Balafre. Though him a night to round up L'Hermite and his gang at last, and thus I hope to find out what has become of the girl, although I admit I'm chiefly concerned with running to earth L'Hermite. He'll not get away. I have a feeling this case is going to be more complex and far-reaching than was thought at first. There's more in it than meets the eye. Colbert is going to interview Doris Larsen's mother. Captain Lazren is away on a scientific expedition."

"Where do you suggest we should start, then?" I asked.

"Dress a loafer and begin at Emile's or 'La Vache Rouge' if you like. Talk to 'La Patronne' behind the bar; afterwards perhaps you may go to Les Halles. I've arranged for our informer La Pante to meet you at Emile's. He's been in [illegible] me, and being one of our most intrepid and trustworthy agents, I've asked him to help you all he can."

Linked [illegible] arm in mine, Rousseau led us to his favorite cafe for a hasty meal. We then arrayed ourselves in coarse clothes, rubber-soled shoes and cap, slipping each a flat, efficient automatic pistol into an inner pocket—just in case!—as Rousseau said with a grin. Thus equipped, we started off about midnight, little dreaming where the end of the quest was destined to lead us.

We found La Pante waiting as arranged, and under his guidance we dragged ourselves for the next two hours from one foul den to another.

I marvelled anew at the diversity of creatures to be met in these grimy, smoke-laden haunts of debauch, where drinking, rambling and dancing went on till dawn to the strains of a hurdy-gurdy or a wheezy accordion; where the air was foul with coarse, brutish laughter and vile oaths, while every now and again the savage fracas of a short fierce fight would resound asunder the dismally monotonous medley of sounds until one or both the participants in these affairs of "honor," quieted by a little blood-letting, would stagger out, hands clasped to a gaping wound and leaving a crimson trail behind, presently to be effaced by a few bucketfuls of sand by the landlord.

Yet, compared to what I had seen in these places formerly, I gained the impression that there was this night a certain restraint—even when they quarrelled—in the behavior of these night-birds. Rousseau had apparently remarked this too, for he presently said:

"One would think our friends are afraid to let themselves go, d'ye notice? There's a kind of expectancy in the air, as though they were waiting for something to happen. I wonder if L'Hermite is responsible for it? What do you say, La Pante?"

In reply our little rat-faced spy looked furtively round, fear in his gleaming eyes, and laying a finger on his lips, he muttered: "They've split up. L'Hermite has threatened to wipe out every 'amanche' who won't join his gang. Le Balafre was the leader of the crowd who defied him, and there has been a big fight already. Look at 'La Grande Louison' dancing with 'Le Marseillais,' the fat fellow just passing under the stairs. She's the 'momie' (girl) who can tell you where Le Balafre is—he was her 'man.' Shall I invite her to our table?"

"Sure! I was just going to suggest you should fetch a few of the girls," I answered; "I'll order a saladier."

The sight of the huge bowl of [illegible] speed, hot wine, which the old hag served, acted as a lodestone; and soon a dozen coarsely painted women in full war regalia surrounded our table. Their strident cackle—since their laughter can be described in no other way—and their stupid chatter, meant to be light-hearted—was as sordid and vile as crime itself. Whilst they talked, their bright yet expressionless eyes flickered restlessly round the room with traces of impatience returning constantly to the door.

Perhaps it was my mood, or my nerves were oversensitive, for Rousseau and La Pante seemed soon to forget our sinister surroundings as bowl after bowl of steaming wine was consumed. After a time, I persuaded "La Grande Louison" to sit beside me, and seizing my opportunity, said bantering[illegible]:

"I thought L'Hermite would soon teach you who's master."

Instantly her eyes flashed. "I hate him, the pig! I hate him—" she hissed. "One of these days I'll get him alone—and then—"

I laughed derisively: "H-m-m, others have tried that—I did once, and nearly got a bullet through me. How's poor Paul getting on? You're looking after him, aren't you?"

The girl made no reply at once, but resting her clasped hands on my shoulder, she whispered close to my ear: "Were you there, did you see it happen?"

"At Enghien, you mean?" I whispered back—hardly moving my lips. "Yes—I saw him come out—we were waiting—otherwise he'd not have got away. But I had to run for it. Where is he now, and what became of the girl?"

"Nenesse is looking after Paul; he's booked I guess. He lost a lot of blood. I've arranged for a doctor, but don't tell."

"And the girl?" I asked breathlessly.

She shrugged and jerked her head with that peculiar gesture typical of her breed. "She was killed. That's how it started. Paul meant to take her with him. They'd tied her up and she offered him all her sparklers to get away. Come on—I'll take you to him."

It might be a trap—but I was too excited at the unexpected news—dimly I sensed that I was about to learn the truth of the whole sinister business and decided to risk all on a single throw. Staggering to my feet as though already drunk, too, I gripped the girl's arm.

"Go out first, I'll follow. If Paul is so bad as all that, we've got to fix that beast L'Hermite. I've a plan to do the trick if you'll help."

"Make sure you are not followed," was her only answer, and turning quickly, she slipped up the dark, crazy stairs.

Rousseau had noticed nothing of this little by-play, and as I passed behind his chair, I whispered: "Tell La Pante to follow me at a distance. He'll fetch you if I need help."

For a moment as I gained the street and I saw it was empty, the thought of an ambush gave me a cold thrill; but before I could retreat the girl suddenly slipped out from a doorway and fell into step beside me.

"Hurry—I'm afraid we'll be seen," she said, and her voice shook "It's on the next street, up the Passage des Grenouilles."

The part I had to play was not going to be easy, but I relied on the certainty that Le Balafre would be weak and probably only half conscious. Enough of the brutish ignorance of these apaches concerning wounds and especially such a wound. Five minutes later I stumbled up a dark and dismal staircase behind the girl, unpleasantly conscious of my unprotected back. Then we had entered a horrible, dingy cubicle, where on a rude bed against the opposite wall lay a typical young cutthroat, with closed eyes, his mean face the color of putty, and seeming hardly to breathe. His right wrist was swathed in grimy, blood-stained bandages, and his brow was wet with the icy dew of approaching death.

Forcing some spirit from my flask between his teeth, I had the satisfaction of seeing his eyelids quiver and finally open, revealing the most repellent eyes I had seen for many a day; one was a light porcelain blue and the other a dark brown, and the strange contrast was horribly uncanny. For a time I worked in vain to recall his wandering mind, but finally a gleam of understanding returned just as the door opened silently, and a girl I had not seen before ushered in a well-dressed man, evidently a doctor. Now I knew that to summon a doctor not of their ilk was dead against the rules of these Rats of the Underworld—here then was proof enough that a wind of revolt against their leader was beginning to sweep through the ranks.

When I left with the practitioner half an hour later, I had all the information needed to capture the man we had sought so long. Moreover the story Le Balafre had told me, confused and rambling though it had been in parts, was so extraordinary that I felt I could not wait until daylight before investigating its truth. He had spoken of a woman—a foreign spy he said—who had bought L'Hermite with much gold—it was this gold that had really brought the split in their ranks to a crisis. Then abruptly he had gone on to talk of "La Petite" (the little girl) who had been sent to her death in a car—though which of these two women was Doris Larsen, I had not been able to ascertain. But what had excited me most of all, was the glaring discrepancy in

(Continued on Page 18)


SOOTHING RELIEF FOR **HEAD COLDS**

**PINEOLEUM IS PLEASANT**

1. Pine 6d and other medicinal ingredients make Pineoleum pleasant—no depressing effect.
2. Pineoleum's pine oils are always soothing—never irritating. Safe for children.
3. Pineoleum comes also with Ephedrine—which helps to open the nasal passages quicker.
4. Pineoleum has always enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession.
5. Pineoleum is the original nose and throat spray. It has proved effective for more than 30 years.

Choose the form of Pineoleum you prefer: Nebulizer spray or dropper bottle; dropper bottle with Ephedrine, or Pineoleum Ephedrine Jelly

PINEOLEUM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—on next to the last page.


# Back-of-Hand-Test *shows how new face powder* SOFTENS FEATURES

*Sifting 3 times through finest silk—extra step in making Evening in Paris powder—achieves new youthifying texture!*

*Before* SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder, when spread over the back of the hand, looks rough—coarseness of skin is intensified. Vigorous rubbing reveals that powder does not cling well

*After* SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder—after sifting 3 times through silk—looks as though it smooths the ridges on the hand and disappears. It stays on better. Try this test yourself—using a powder, and the new Evening in Paris silk-sifted powder

The first face powder that goes beyond beautiful: your complexion—that actually softens and youthifies your entire face!

It's really a *new kind* of face powder with the tenderly soft effect of a soft-focus photograph! It's sifted 3 times through microscopically fine silk. The texture thus achieved is of incredible [illegible] softness—of unbelievable fineness! On the back of the hand—this *new* powder shows dramatically its ability to soften contour as well as skin! On the one hand, powder *before* silk-sifting intensifies roughness. On the other hand, silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder makes the skin look satin-smooth—and the ridges and cords beneath the surface seem literally to melt away!

Try this test yourself! Contrast any powder that is not silk-sifted with this *new* Evening in Paris powder. Hold your two hands before you, and you'll marvel at the difference! You'll hurry to try this wonderful new powder on your face. And then you'll see a tenderly glowing new loveliness—not only of complexion—but of feature—you'll rediscover a younger you!

**JUST FOR NOW!**
**A $2.10 VALUE FOR $1.10**

1. EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER Full-size box of this new silk-sifted powder. Regular size $1.10
2. EVENING IN PARIS PERFUME Known the world over as the finest of French perfumes. Value 65c
3. EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE—For lasting radiance. Value 35c

Total value, $2.10

*Evening in Paris* + BOURJOIS



# THESE PICTURES SHOW MODERN FASTER WAY TO RELIEVE A COLD

1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Make sure you get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.

*Ache and Distress Eased Almost Instantly . . . . Follow Simple Directions*

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds to relieve the aches and pains colds bring with them!

You can relieve nearly any cold you get by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water; and, if throat is sore, gargling with BAYER Aspirin Tablets stirred in water.

This is recognized as a remarkably safe, sure, QUICK way. *For it will relieve an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.*

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, be sure that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve or disintegrate almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And in a gargle, Genuine

3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a third of a glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.

2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

Bayer Aspirin Tablets disintegrate with speed and completeness, leaving no irritating particles or grittiness.

BAYER Aspirin prices have been decisively reduced on all sizes, so there's no point now in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.

**NOW REDUCED TO 15¢**

**PRICES *Genuine Bayer Aspirin Radically Reduced on All Sizes***

*Bottle of 24 Tablets NOW 25c—Bottle of 100 Tablets NOW 75c*

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# STARTING THIS WEEK

## ANOTHER TIMELY *Del Monte* "FIND-OUT" *Suggestion*

*To help you* **"FIND-OUT"** *how many Del Monte foods there are*
*—how many tempting ways to serve them*
*—how little extra they cost*
*—how much more you'll enjoy them all!*

FOR INSTANCE-
IF YOU LIKE
salads!
"FIND-OUT" how obliging—and how luscious!—DEL MONTE Peach Halves are—whether you want something simple (with cheese and capers, as pictured here, for example) or salads elaborate enough for a Roman holiday. And how much more you'll enjoy their rich, full-ripened flavor!
"FIND-OUT" what exciting surprises you'll plan with DEL MONTE Pears—say, with tangerines added for zest and color (as shown). No master hand is needed. *These* matchless pears are mellow, flavorous Bartletts—the world's best eating Pear.
"FIND-OUT" how proudly you'll serve any salad made with DEL MONTE Pineapple—especially the magnificent slices in the large-size DEL MONTE cans. (Note to thrifty shoppers: "Find-out" how much more fruit you get for your money, too, in the big, No. 2½ cans!)
DelMonte
PEACHES
DelMonte
PEARS
DelMonte
SLICED
PINEAPPLE

THOUSANDS of grocers are joining *this week* in another gigantic "Find-Out" event—featuring DEL MONTE Peach Halves, DEL MONTE Pineapple and DEL MONTE Pears. Many offering you special prices!

Do get down to your grocer's this week. Take home *at least* one can of each of these DEL MONTE fruits. Then, for once, really explore their menu possibilities.

Do it—no matter how well you think you know them!

"Find-out," for instance, what short work they make of winter's gloom at the table. How ridiculous the weather outside seems—with fruits like these before you, so sparkling with summer's sunshine.

"Find-out" what worlds of salads and desserts you can have, even at *this* season. How much better any one of them tastes, too—and looks—when made with perfect fruits like these.

And such economy! "Find-out" how much more *enjoyment* just a few pennies extra can bring you.

It's fun to "find-out." So get in the game, right now.

While you're at it, "find-out" what handy helpers all the *other* fine DEL MONTE Foods are, too. Apricots, Asparagus, Spinach, Tomato Juice, Fruit Cocktail. Scores more. Great friends to have on hand—and what friends to your pocketbook, too!

And if you like fine coffee... don't fail to "find-out" about DEL MONTE coffee... other-est coffee... more flavor, and better flavor, too!

all three

**SPECIALLY**

**BY GROCERS**

# New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 16)

the date he had given ... compared with the excuse ... Bertillon reproved me.

Having ... sent ... inspector to ... house ... and ... to pick up ... or failing that to follow ... me. I ... up ... to ... and ... arranged for a ... and two police ... to pick me up.

... to get ... and ... my ... things ... my ... to Montmartre. I ... my ... and ... the ... of ... Then ... to ... Tierce and ... Larsen—a foolish threats of the poor ... who was captured and held ... some ... after—and ... kind of life the woman ... seem the part of the ... It was ... much. Papers have ... to be found—which he had ... I ... which ... but ... I ... papers; so I'm ... afraid I refused to have ... to do with such dirty ... I was ... that he ... to be at once. His house ... searched for threats of ... papers. Two ... attempts ... have been made, but he ... how to bait our ... now. ... an inkling ... this ... woman may be, & I ... that at last we shall ... a red handed. Come, ... return to Paris."

During the next forty-eight hours it would have seemed to an onlooker that with the finding of the body, of which not a word had yet been printed in the press, the silent, complex machinery of the law at whose controlling ... sat my chief, had suddenly ... down. I ... a further ... before it would move ... I knew, however, that the invisible web it spun ... slowly but surely enmeshing the evil group whose activities ... the security of every ... When, after a quiet day ... night, I presented myself, bright and early in Bertillon's office I looked at once at the indicator—a contrivance that to us was what the telltale compass is to the navigator—fourteen detectives were engaged upon the case. I saw. An unheard of number for Paris, where usually two men suffice for a case. Talking to my chief was a very fat man with outstanding ears and yellow hair close-cropped to his bullet head.

I knew him well—Isidor Katz, one of the cleverest detectives of Germany's Geheimpolizei.

"I think we haf' that Lady Macbeth," he grunted when we had exchanged greetings. "She ... Judith Grabiel, known as Gina ... Don Cossack, or maybe a Circassian, born in Bessarabia; but in any case a devil, a bloodthirsty devil. She might haf' been an Amazon in Dahomey. Beautiful like a real tigress—iron nerves—afraid of nothing—and clever, ah! She is after that new machine gun young Tierce has been experimenting upon. But by Donnerwetter!—as clever, too, and a good patriot. He found her out and therefore has had to be removed. It was she presented him to Miss Heffinger. Aha! Yes—you know the name. Supposed to be an heiress, but she's only a spy. She fixed it—ach so! he fixed it—But our friend Jacques should quarrel with his Liebchen, and that her best friend, also in the pay of the ... should pour how do you ... oil on the fire. All beautifully worked out! But for your ... Hunte getting Gro-enwahn ... how do you say—ach yes, walled head—and wanting to be ... tator of the Underworld, you would offer have got on her trail, ... her!"

Bertillon nodded. "Katz is right. He's discovered that she has taken a house opposite the Tierce mansion and ... there ... Rousseau coupe. Rousseau is Larsen's new chauffeur, by the ... He looks quite smart in ... green livery. You'd like to go ... a mechanic ... work. Her Katz will be ... right about, too. The ... woman I wanted in Germany for stealing government ... Engine—expert chemist—to steal the plans of the gun from Tierce's house. That's in exchange, of course, and they'll gather at Judith's place afterward. She pays cash—gold in fact—but only on delivery; that'll be our chance."

Donning a worn mechanic's uniform from our extensive wardrobe, I went at once to the Larsen house where I found Inspector Rousseau at work in the garage attached to the mansion, energetically polishing a handsome car. He seemed genial and ... and was not ... to ...

"If you hang around," he said in a low voice, "you will probably catch a glimpse of the woman we are here to watch. She had ... fever there was one. Do you know she is even in touch with old Mother Mercier, who runs that apache joint in the Rue Lepic. It was through her she met L'Hermite. There is a little cafe almost opposite this garage called the Gold Fish, an absurd name, but their wine is good. Louys will join us at this cafe if the attempt to steal Tierce's plans has succeeded. Go along and wait there. I feel as though unseen eyes were watching me all the time from some secret hole. Mere imagination, maybe, but I cannot take it off. Do but one take now and we run the chance of a ..."

The day ... but ... of ... ing ... the ... of ... the queer ... of the Russian ... Late ... the afternoon ... Tierce were carried across to the peaceful car ... the ... garage, and stamped ... Such was inevitable preparation for an ... flight, and ... upon ... of the denouement even then prepar... Several times I had seen the German detective rattle past at the wheel of an old, dilapidated ... and each time ... a warning that a message of some kind was being brought to the woman ... house, ... reminded me of the slow, inevitable gathering of a storm.

When darkness came Rousseau abandoned ... work and joined me ... a ... meal, and thereafter we waited with tense nerves through the ... dragging hours.

It was close on ... when at ... Louys ... in ... stopped ... lodging ... the ... and ... We ... belonging ... to ... and a cigarette, and ... pale ...

Hyacinthe got the dummy papers, and we ... along any moment now. You'd better prepare to enter her house from the back. Our men have closed the street and are all around the place, but we must expect L'Hermite to ... also. Do nothing therefore until Katz comes ... with ... taxi again, ... three ... which means that L'Hermite ... has ... Then ... in the Russian. Once in the ... he'll not get away again."

When Louys had passed on his way, Rousseau handed me a pair ... thick woolen socks, and following his example I drew them over my shoes; then we crept ... up the path to the back ... entrance.

The silent house seemed deserted, and time ... dragged on ... eden feet; but just as La Savoarde, the gigantic bell of the ... boom of 1 o'clock across the housetops of sleeping Montmartre, I caught the sound of an engine in the distance, followed by the triple hoot which advised ... that the master schemer was coming.

With fast-beating heart I prepared to take my share in the final act of this murderous drama. We had just time to crouch in the shadows of the wall ... as it ... crunched on the gravel; there came a sharp rap on the door and as it opened the dim glow from the hall showed me the sharp features of Le Basse, the arch-criminal—right-hand man.

A muttered password as the ... passed inside, then the door was shut again and Rousseau gripped my arm. "We must be very careful," he whispered, his voice tense with suppressed excitement. "There are men all about us."

We sank down noiselessly behind some bushes, as a vague ... and the shuffling of feet proved him to be right, and now that ... were becoming accustomed to the gloom, I began to ... and particularly noting ... I did. We dared not attempt to open the door, which although ... was guarded, but a kitchen window ... to me sufficiently ... ground that was offer a chance of entering unseen. While Rousseau watched at my back, I forced the catch with the blade of my knife, and a moment later had slipped inside.

"Stay here," I whispered, "I'll explore alone first; you can warn me in time should anything unforeseen occur meanwhile."

Long experience had taught me how to find my way in the dark in a strange house, and step by step, feeling before me with ... hands—for I dared not switch on my ... I gained a corridor which appeared to lead to the big salon where we had noticed a light from outside, and as I silently groped forward I soon caught the rumbling mutter of conversation.

A cold tense quiver ran along my nerves, while creeping close to the door I recognized the harsh, metallic voice of the master criminal ... softly running my fingers along the jamb I found to my joy that there was a ... of several inches, covered only by a curtain. I ... once dropped to my knees and, pulling it aside, was rewarded by a glimpse of the participants. Now for the first time I had a clear view of the Russian woman.

Katz had not exaggerated: she was indeed beautiful, but strange, savage and exotic; hers was the proud, deadly beauty of the tigress. Her oval face had the tint of old ivory, flushing to tender carmine on cheeks, chin and brow; the lips were full and dark red, and there was a gleam of pearly teeth as she spoke vehemently. But most remarkable of all were this woman's eyes, alight now with fierce anger and ... seemed to me—with fear too in their liquid depth.

Before her, dwarfed by her queenly, supple form, yet unfortunately menacing and formidable, stood the man we had sought so long: L'Hermite, leader of the worst gang of villains Paris had ever known.

Obviously the woman was conscious of his power as he threatened her with a cold, merciless sneer. She could have killed him perhaps with a sudden slash of the keen knife he held in her right hand, yet I saw well that she dared not move; cowed, crushed and robbed of all strength by the fixed basilisk stare of those contemptuous watery-blue eyes. I myself had encountered them once and had never forgotten their baleful light. The woman could not lift the weapon she held, nor could she even turn away her head. I had come only just in time, and without further hesitation I gently pushed open the door and raised my pistol; all my will concentrated on the determination to take this man alive or dead.

"I tell you it's a trick, or your men have made a mistake," she was saying in a deep contralto. "These are not the plans! All my ... those deaths—the risk ... and the money, have been for nothing. I cannot use these drawings, and I certainly will not pay half a million francs for such rubbish. It is not my money to waste."

L'Hermite answered with a savage laugh. "You won't pay? Ha well see about that, my proud beauty. First the cash; I have waited and risked enough—and then perhaps, we'll try again. I advise you to come across willingly we have means of persuading you, little tricks of the trade, such as an improved tourniquet for instance. How would you like a steel band round your imperious brow, a band that grows tighter and tighter as I twist the handles at the back, until you feel as though your white hot and quivering thoughts were squelching out of your skull as the juice squirts from an apple under a cruel heel?

"We'll ... how long you can stand that. Ah—you were brave enough when it was a question of putting a man who wouldn't betray his country, from a safe distance—knowing full well behind that, thanks to my plans, the blame would be laid on little Doll Larsen. Ah—you ... Cossack."

He was foaming at the mouth with ... in his passion now. "You've already ruined my wonderful scheme by poisoning that poor girl—of course you couldn't wait; yellow with rage you were because he told you what she thought of you. I should have sent her over the cliff alive, who knows if that swine of a detective won't tumble to the fact now that she was dead when Tierce was shot. Well, if I get caught so will you. You think you're going to get away tonight with your ... eh? Not unless you pay up ... you won't. Ah!..."

The woman had stepped back and drawn a ... dagger, but L'Hermite laughed in her face. "Before you shoot look what's behind you!"

I had not expected the woman to be caught by such a crude trick—but the man's eyes were hypnotic ... compelling. For the fraction of a second only she turned her head—but it sufficed for L'Hermite to draw and fire. Yet his shot went wide, for even as she turned, the woman sensed her peril and ducked. It gave me the chance for which I had waited, and on the instant that he stood uncovered I rose and stepped forward aiming at the hand that held the pistol. But I, too, had not been cautious enough—I had forgotten that there were others in the house and even as I pressed the trigger my hand was knocked up.

A frightful blow on the head sent me lurching forward and a kick at the small of my back threw me crashing against a chair, where I collapsed and rolled over beneath a couch. At my unexpected interruption L'Hermite had turned his head, but seeing me fall, he wheeled swiftly and fired twice with incredible speed. But quick as he was, I had managed to hook my foot behind his and kicking at the same instant with all my strength just below the knee, hurled him, sideways to the floor.

Although his aim had been deflected from her heart, both bullets had struck the woman in the shoulder; she screamed at the tear and tear of the lead, and believing herself mortally wounded, clutched at the curtains before the window to steady herself and then before anyone could guess her intention, flung herself at L'Hermite, driving her knife into his breast as she fell across him. At the same moment the door was flung wide and several masked men rushed in. Fortunately for me L'Hermite thought only of himself and called wildly to them to lift him from under the woman's weight, thus giving me time to rise and stagger into the passage.

In my confused condition I forgot that once the fusillade had not brought Rousseau, something must have happened to him and the others and, drawing my

(Continued on Page 20)


"HORRIBLE!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"ADMIRABLE!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST

•You can still be civilized and avoid "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IMAGINE such conduct at the dinner table. One such barbaric performance would immediately black-list the offender. And no one could blame modern society for it.

But the modern dentist—*your* dentist—sees this performance in another light.

"Admirable," would be his prompt and clear-cut verdict. "If coarse, raw foods were more in prominence on our modern menus, if all my patients were more primitive and aggressive about exercising their teeth and gums, I'd hear a lot less about that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'—a lot less about a long list of modern dental ills."

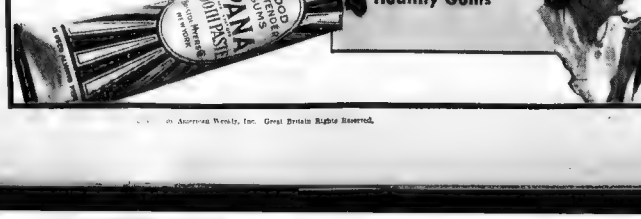
For our soft, modern foods *do* deny our gums work and exercise—*do* rob them of health and firmness. And "pink tooth brush" is simply the drastic warning that massage and stimulation are needed at once.

**NEGLECT OF "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS UNSAFE**

Don't let neglect of "pink tooth brush" cause your teeth to become dingy, your gums tender. Don't let it open the way for serious gum disorders. Don't let it endanger sound teeth.

Follow modern dental teachings — and play safe. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then each time you brush your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums. Ipana with massage rouses lazy gums, speeds circulation through the gum tissues and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana today and try Ipana and massage for a full month. You'll notice the improvement in the brightness of your teeth and the sparkle of your smile. Your gums will be healthier and firmer. And you'll be much safer from "pink tooth brush."




IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Sound, Healthy Gums

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

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JOHN GOOF, LISTEN TO THIS, THE PAPER SAYS OUT WEST THERE WAS A SHOWER OF BROWN RAIN —
YES? AND THERE'S GOING TO BE ONE ON OUR STREET —

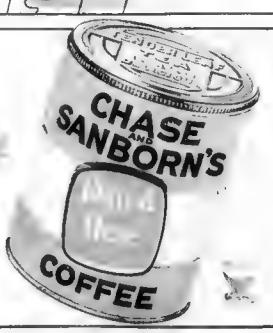
••THAT NIGHT••••
WHY, HONEY, IT'S COFFEE! YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE IT, ONLY THIS MORNING--
— ONLY THIS MORNING IT WAS THE WRONG COFFEE. NOW IT'S DATED COFFEE —

## Stale Coffee—flat in the cup, irritating in the system

When coffee grows stale, it develops rancid oil. It loses its richness and fragrance. And it yields a flat, weak cup which is sadly disappointing to your taste.

Moreover, the regular drinking of stale coffee is irritating to your whole system. Leaves you "touchy" and out-of-sorts.

To avoid the dangers of stale-coffee drinking, Chase & Sanborn date their coffee. The date of delivery is marked on every pound for every purchaser to read. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on your grocer's shelf more than ten days. The date is your assurance of freshness. Order Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.




Copyright, 1931, by Standard Brands Inc.

He *says:*—
"You're Lovely tonight"
He *thinks:*—
"Wish She'd 'Fix up' those GRAY STREAKS"

A woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the harmless simple means now at her command.
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
is inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home. Both lotion and Egyptian Henna leave no greasiness, will not rub off or interfere with bathing leave the hair soft lustrous NATURAL $1.25 For sale everywhere

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLYN CHEMICAL CO.
75 Sumner St. Boston Mass.
Please send free sample of FARR'S
Name
Address
HAVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

# New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 18)

whistle. I knew that upon that blow I received had so dazed me that the scene in some strange fashion now lost all reality. It became vague like a dream or a nightmare rather, and to this day I remember only dimly what happened. Then, I believe, came the end. As in a vision I saw Inspector Louys and the German appear abruptly, with leveled weapons, one on each side of the door. At the same moment a well known voice behind me cried: "Drop down quick—out of the way!" And quite mechanically I obeyed.

A loud, kaleidoscopic scene of close-to-hand fighting followed. Shots and flashes stabbed the gloom, bursting reports made my head throb painfully; while a confusion of orders, curses and cries of agony made the air hideous.

I remember the wheel pantry behind which I crouched, a gleam of fire, and then the sudden fall of darkness. I seem to my senses with the pungent fumes of spirits in my nostrils and the bite of icy-cold water on my aching head; instead I became aware of a burning pain in my left arm and, with a groan I opened my eyes. I saw Rousseau, with blood stained bandage over his brow, holding a flask to my lips, and realized that I lay with my head on his knee.

"Feeling better?" he asked. "That was a nasty crack they gave you. It hasn't hurt the bone, but I'm afraid the hair won't grow over the bump again."

"Help me up," I replied irritably. "And never mind about my hair. What happened—did you get that proof?"

"We've got seven of them," Rousseau replied. "Le Bossu and the leader among them, thanks to your crazy move. By the way, it's lucky for L'Hermite he was wearing a leather and steel vest, or he'd be dead now. His knife caught in it and the point snapped off. Three got away, but they will not go far, for two of the three wounded; also we have the number and a description of their car, and the police are already being watched. You were unceremonious some time ago, Bertillon is in the next room with the doctor, and a very excited woman. She insisted on seeing you, though I don't suppose will be grateful, since it is fully certain she'll spend the rest of this life in jail. That German detective got a bullet in his thigh from her; she's had all through. Come in and see the chief if you feel strong enough. He is anxious about you."

But when I tried to stand, the world spun about me again, and I was compelled to let my colleagues take me to headquarters, where Bertillon presently joined us. He nodded pensively when I had concluded my account of what I had heard.

"We have placed the fellow who left his hand in our anteroom; he didn't die after all, you see. His hatred of L'Hermite is such that he'll tell us all he knows, which is not much, I'm afraid. Only Le Bossu really has L'Hermite's confidence. Anyway, it's been definitely established already that this Russian woman made love to Tierce with the object of obtaining the plans of his machine gun for Russia. Tierce was part owner of the big steel works on the Loire, you know, where these guns are made. And she pretended to fall in love with the youngster and managed to win his regard, or at least his desires was awakened. But Tierce, he was too loyal, she suddenly decided he should marry Sylvia Richardson, a penniless girl whom she presented him, a real beauty and her most trusted agent.

"Yet it was out of his marriage with this Miss Sylvia Richardson that Doris Larsen was jealous, however, although the Russian did all she could to fan the flame of her jealousy. Doris Larsen suspected the Russian real designs; she knew she was trying to make Tierce forget honor and duty to his country; so she pretended to be jealous and tried to frighten him. This scheme had been suggested to her by her best friend, another of the Russian's female agents, whom Dubois did not suspect. So she played into their hands, and when she drove out to Enghien her car was stopped and he was taken out and kept in the bungalow. And because he wouldn't tell what she knew about her lover's work at the War Office and defied the Russian the beast poisoned her. L'Hermite, who wanted to find out about her money and jewels, was furious, the more so because it spoiled the whole scheme for killing Tierce as he'd conceived it.

"It was he suggested Ginska should take advantage of the quarrel between Doris Larsen and her fiance to deceive her to Enghien and get rid of her in such a way that it would look as though she had taken her own life after shooting Tierce. He might have foreseen it would strike us at once as extraordinary and unlikely that a society girl like Doris should be such a dead shot. Yet it was necessary for the shooting to take place from a distance, because Tierce might have regained consciousness for a moment and recognized Ginska; or someone else might have seen and recognized her.

"Well, I have sent Rousseau to fetch Le Bossu and L'Hermite; we will question them at once, singly, so that I can round off the case. The woman is delirious and cannot be questioned. He ought to be hers, oh my good Lord!"

The door had burst open and my old friend stood swaying on the three-fold, blood trickling down his head face.

"Le Bossu is dead," Rousseau gasped, "and L'Hermite also. The police van was stopped near the embankment by a traffic jam, and suddenly there was a flash and an explosion—the whole car was blown to bits. Louys and Colbert were following behind and saw it all. I was helpless—stunned for a minute; my ear had skidded and struck a post. They immediately grappled with the man who had thrown the bomb and in self defense they had to shoot him. He looks like one of the apaches who refused to accept L'H. terms, whom Dubois did not suspect. So she played into their hands, and when she drove out to Enghien her car was stopped and he was taken out and kept in the bungalow. And because he wouldn't tell what she knew about her lover's work at the War Office and defied the Russian the beast poisoned her. L'Hermite, who wanted to find out about her money and jewels, was furious, the more so because it spoiled the whole

But then I raised up and down for a time in silence, fighting to calm his nerves. Finally he stood and laid his hand on Rousseau's shoulder.

"It doesn't matter, old fellow. I know all that is needful. We are well rid of that scheming bandit and his organization. He planned much too well for those who consulted him—what is it now, in Heaven's name—?"

A confused clamor came from the corridor—the sound of running footsteps—then as Rousseau swung round Louys appeared, ghastly pale and gasping for breath.

"We've been fooled again, chief! That bomb had a purpose to mutilate those two so that we should not discover that the man we had arrested was not L'Hermite at all!"

"What do you mean?" Bertillon shouted, seizing Louys by the shoulders.

He nodded—and calmer now, replied: "It's as you once said, sir! He's trained several men who naturally resemble him—to make up, dress and ape him in every detail. He's not such a fool as to risk his own skin."

"But how do you know?"

"L'Hermite has false teeth, as you know—but the man killed by the explosion had his own sound white teeth. Also L'Hermite had lost the first joint of his left index finger. This man had not, otherwise he's the double of that arch plotter. Also you will be able to test what I say by his fingerprints. An inch more and the center of the explosion would have so torn and maimed those two in the police van that we should not have known the truth.

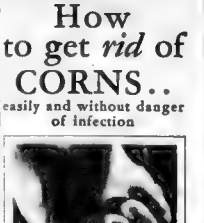
"L'Hermite never allows his men to be questioned—remember the other one in the Haunted Manor case who was poisoned?"

Bertillon laughed loudly: "All right—it proves at least that he is afraid of us. We've been the victors again in this case of the shoot ng of Jacques Tierce. Some day we shall get L'Hermite despite all his ruthless, cunning tricks. Well—classify the exhibits. We have proved Doris Larsen was innocent of the murder of her sweetheart; and the woman did not get the plans nor L'Hermite the half million."

"He laughs best—you all know the old adage."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

How to get *rid* of CORNS . .
easily and without danger of infection



• All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother, Pain stops instantly—soft, "cushion sense" pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. *(size at all druggists).* Note the new Wet Proof adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not clog to stocking).

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTER

EXERCISE BOOK FREE
Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. A 36-page booklet "For Better Feet," sent on helpful information for the asking. A. Stein Bauer & Bro. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,

# $10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

## FIRST PRIZE $3,000.00

**Second Prize $1000.00 Third Prize $500.00**

**615 Other Cash Prizes From**

**$100.00 to $5.00**

## HERE IS THE SIMPLEST, EASIEST CONTEST OF ALL!

Simply write a statement about Pillsbury's Best Flour, using not more than twenty of the words printed in Mary Ellis Ames' broadcast at the microphone shown below.

Everybody has a fair chance . . . everybody is to use only the words in Mary Ellis Ames' statement . . . the best letters—twenty words or less—made from any of these words win the prizes!

*Hear Mary Ellis Ames, Director of Pillsbury's Cooking Service, in her helpful "Cooking Close-Ups" broadcasts—Wednesday and Friday mornings on Columbia stations. And don't miss "Today's Children", most popular of all morning radio programs, every weekday except Saturday on N. B. C. stations*

"Home can be so happy a place if the baking we do is more than just 'good enough'! Because there's nothing a family likes so well as a really perfect baked food. They love good bread and biscuits, cakes and pastry. Here's something I know will be of real value to all of you who want everything you bake to be of high quality. Many of us have had bread turn out just fine . . . and then were surprised to find that we did not like biscuits or cake made from the same sack of flour. Here's the reason: Some types of wheat make a flour that works perfectly for bread, but not so well for lighter baking. Other kinds of wheat make a flour that's just the other way. Pillsbury's Best is not made from just one wheat, which might work all right for one kind of baking and fail in another. It is made from an exclusive Pillsbury blend of wheats, 'balanced' so that it is just exactly right to use for *all* baking, from bread to the most delicate pastry. It gives a richer, more delicious flavor, a better appearance, to everything. It saves you money by preventing baking failures. It is always the same . . . uniform, dependable and economical. It's an ideal all purpose flour!"

Can you imagine anything simpler, easier . . . or fairer? Just write twenty words or less about Pillsbury's Best Flour. Use only words that Mary Ellis Ames is using above. (You may use any one of her words as many times as you like.) The best statement will win $3,000.00 in cash! And there are 617 other cash prizes, from $1,000.00 to $5.00. Please do not submit decorated or fancy entries. All we want is a plain, simple statement. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Dept. 1, Minneapolis, Minn. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight February 25, 1935.

Send as many statements as you like. But each must be written on a separate sheet of paper, with your name and address, and to each must be attached the circular trade-mark cut from the recipe folder inside your bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour or a facsimile thereof (or a sales slip from your grocer showing purchase of Pillsbury's Best).

Think how wonderful it would be if the judges should choose your statement! You'd have money to spend for the things you've always wanted . . . plenty of it! A new car, new clothes to wear, furniture . . . even a new home! Just for spending a few minutes of your time at something that is really a lot of fun!

## $10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

**First Prize $3000.00 Second Prize $1000.00**

**Third Prize $500.00**

**4th to 8th Prizes, $100.00 9th to 18th Prizes, $50.00**

**19th to 68th Prizes, $25.00 69th to 168th Prizes, $10.00**

**169th to 618th Prizes, $5.00**

## RULES OF CONTEST

**1.** Simply write a statement of 20 words or less about Pillsbury's Best Flour, using only words printed in Mary Ellis Ames' broadcast at the microphone shown above. Use only one side of the paper. Write your name and address on each statement.

**2.** With your last statement of Pillsbury's Best Flour, clip the trade-mark from a Pillsbury's Best bag and attach it to the statement which you think is the best. You may use a facsimile of the trade-mark, or a sales slip from your grocer showing purchase of Pillsbury's Best Flour. Do not send the bag. Only one statement may be submitted by each person. Pillsbury's Best Flour is sold by all grocers. Address your statement to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Department 1, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**3.** Subject to the conditions stated in Rule 2, duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

**4.** Your entry must be postmarked before midnight on February 25, 1935.

**5.** Judges will be Miss Grace Overton Cooledman; Miss Ellen Bonnell, Secretary, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company; Mr. Kenneth Clayberger, Women's Home Companion. The decision of the judges will be accepted as final.

**6.** Prizes will be awarded for statements which, in the opinion of the judges, have the greatest advertising value. No credit will be given for decorated or fancy entries.

**7.** Each winning statement, together with the name and address of the prize-winning statement together with her own name and address, will be published or radio announcements. No entries will be returned.

**8.** Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

**9.** This Contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and its advertising agency, and their families.

# PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR

# Foresees World's Greatest Dam Disclosing Secrets of the Sea

ONE of the world's greatest rivers is an invisible one. It does not flow on the land but in the sea. Eastward from the Atlantic Ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar [illegible] westward. No matter how [illegible] of the [illegible] Straits.

[illegible] continual river of water [illegible] ordinary river on the [illegible] surface [illegible] would [illegible] been dammed long ago to [illegible] where [illegible] steep slope and [illegible] power [illegible] of water [illegible] what [illegible] of Gibraltar.

Some day the entire Strait will be dammed, he believes; the level of the Mediterranean Sea will be lowered, the inward flow from the Atlantic will be led through enormous turbines to yield what will be, perhaps, the greatest source of cheap waterpower in the world. And when the level of the Mediterranean falls, as this plan would force it to do, the world may rediscover not only vast treasures of wealth and art lost in ancient historic times, but perhaps the long lost story of prehistoric men who once lived in the Mediterranean Basin and were driven out ages ago by the world's greatest flood.

No engineering enterprise ever undertaken by man equals this one in magnitude. A very few, like the Panama Canal, perhaps approach it. Nevertheless, it is unwise to condemn the idea as impossible. Undoubtedly a dam could be built across the Straits of Gibraltar, making the Mediterranean actually an inland lake. Whether it will be built depends, it is probable, upon the balance of [illegible] profit and loss. Will the benefits derived from the dam, in power and in new land [illegible] for [illegible] other ways, [illegible] of the [illegible] and risking?

The [illegible] believes [illegible]

[illegible] That the evaporation of water from the sea exceeds the flow of water into it from rivers. If the ordinary [illegible] Hudson River [illegible] the [illegible] from [illegible] the [illegible] Great Lakes in North America.

[illegible] the Mediterranean [illegible] great [illegible] would be flowing out continually into the Atlantic. That the actual flow is in [illegible] evaporation from the sea's [illegible] evaporation due, of course, to the warmth of the climate and especially to the existence close by of the great dry area of the Sahara Desert. The fresh water that does enter the Mediterranean from the Danube and the Tiber and the Nile and other rivers that flow into it is not enough to make up for this evaporation. Other water must flow in from the open ocean. That is what makes the continual inward current through the Straits and past the towering cliff of the Rock of Gibraltar.

These facts being unquestioned it follows, the scientist points out, that so soon as the Straits of [illegible] the level of the Mediterranean Sea w[illegible] begin to dry up [illegible] pool will go along a creek if the creek ceases to flow. Of course, the Mediterranean would never dry up altogether, even if no water at all were admitted from the Atlantic. The river water that flows into the sea and the rain that falls in the [illegible] drainage basin would suffice to maintain a permanent salt lake in the bottom of the depression which the sea now fills.

This is exactly what does happen, in fact, in the case of the Dead Sea. That sea is below the [illegible] of the ocean. If there were [illegible], as there is into the Mediterranean, ocean water [illegible] the Dead Sea Basin [illegible] strait and the ocean [illegible] enter. Accordingly, the Dead Sea is a salt lake, in which evaporation of water from [illegible] equals the water [illegible] from rivers.

[illegible] plan proposes to [illegible] the Mediterranean after the dam is built not only the river [illegible] at [illegible] it from [illegible] power [illegible] Niagara [illegible] depends, of course, upon the amount of evaporation from the [illegible] surface, for every gallon of water that flows in will have to be removed by evaporation. Otherwise the sea will rise.

Although this is the crucial point of the whole plan, it is difficult to estimate it accurately. No one knows how many million tons of water evaporate from the surface of the Mediterranean Sea in a year. One way to tell would be by measuring the volume of the great invisible river that now flows in through the Straits of Gibraltar, but this current has not been measured exactly. The scientist estimates it as about 237,000,000 cubic feet of water a second, which would mean that nearly one foot of water is lost each day over the entire Mediterranean surface. Other engineers consider this estimate much too high, and point out that over three hundred feet of water evaporated each year would be an impossible amount. When one remembers how much damage a single inch of rainfall can do it is possible to appreciate the enormous amount of water that this evaporization would involve.

On very conservative figures, however, it is evident that an enormous total of water does evaporate each year from the more than a half million square miles of the surface of the Mediterranean. All this water could be admitted through the turbines in the proposed dam and would probably yield a billion horsepower or more, depending upon the depth to which the surface of the sea was allowed to sink below the Atlantic. This depth would determine what engineers call the "fall" or "head," just as the height of Niagara Falls determines the fall available there for power production.

Another problem of the plan is that of the dam itself. As travelers through the Strait will remember, the great Rock of Gibraltar, one of the mightiest fortresses of the British Empire, stands at the eastern end of the narrow Strait between Spain and Africa. Just west of the Rock is the narrowest part of the Strait, less than nine miles wide. Unfortunately, however, this part of the Strait is very deep; a curious fact which many geologists use to indicate the existence of an enormous falls and canyon about at this point in some previous age when the Mediterranean Basin was empty of water and perhaps inhabited by man. However this may be, the existence of this deep gorge in the narrow part of the Strait makes it necessary to consider a site farther west for the proposed dam.

At the western end of the Strait, where it begins to open out into the Atlantic, the bottom is much shallower. Here the dam should be placed. Study of such soundings as are available on the charts indicate that the dam would need to be approximately sixteen miles long, with its central portion rising nearly a thousand feet above the sea bottom. If built by piling up dredged earth from the nearby sea bottom, which is probably the most practicable method, this enormous submarine ridge would contain at least six cubic miles of material, possibly as much as ten cubic miles. To estimate the cost of the undertaking is almost impossible, but perhaps a figure of eight billion dollars is not wide of the mark. The scientist thinks that the dam could be built for much less than this, and he may be right. The project is so far beyond ordinary engineering experience that estimates of cost are almost worthless.

Even eight billion dollars, vast as this sum is, according to ordinary standards, is not out of the question when the possible benefits of the plan are considered. The generation of supplies of electric power sufficient to supply virtually all of Europe and to permit great industrial development in northern Africa is only one of the benefits. Another would be the exposure of large areas of valuable land around the present shores of the Mediterranean, especially in the Adriatic Sea, east of Italy, and along the northern coast of Africa.

The amount of this land freed from the sea and made available for farming would depend on the depth below its present level which the sinking Mediterranean was allowed to reach. If the level fell to 600 feet below the present one, which is what the scientist suggests, some 40,000 square miles of fertile land would be added to the earth's surface; as much as a good-sized American State. If a 600-foot fall is considered too much, or if it would take the Mediterranean Sea too long to sink this far after the dam was complete, even a 100-foot fall would set free some thousands of square miles of new land. The deeper the fall of the sea the more land made available and the more power produceable from the inflowing water at Gibraltar.

A third advantage of the dam is that it would provide the direct route to Africa by rail which has been discussed so often by European statesmen and engineers.

Such a plan was presented to the French Academy of Sciences in Paris, a plan for a submarine tunnel underneath the Straits of Gibraltar so that freight and passengers could go directly between the two continents; something that will become increasingly desirable, it was pointed out, as Africa becomes more highly developed and civilized. The cost of this tunnel, of value merely for transportation, was estimated as nearly a hundred million dollars. A dam would provide this path for railway transportation and many other benefits as well.

There would be some disadvantages also. Locks would have to be constructed at the Straits, so that shipping could continue to use the sea. Other dams and locks would need to be built at the Dardanelles, at the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean, where the water from the Black Sea now enters it. The engineering works at the northern end of the Suez Canal would have to be reconstructed. All cities now provided with ports and harbor works on the Mediterranean would be compelled to move and rebuild them as the waters fell. Some changes of climate might result from the smaller size of the sea. There would be a vast readjustment of present values of real estate of all kinds. Whether these disadvantages are sufficient to outweigh the manifest advantages only close and long-continued study will determine.

Perhaps the most appealing argument in favor of the plan is not, however, an economic argument at all. It is the thought of the enormously interesting things that might be found were the shores of the Mediterranean uncovered to a depth of six hundred feet or even to one hundred feet.

For more than sixty centuries civilization has centered around the Mediterranean Sea. Fleets of war and ships of commerce have plied its waters. Egyptian barks, Phoenician trading vessels, Greek men of war and Roman galleys have been sunk by thousands around the Mediterranean's shores. There is reason to believe that some part of the sea's present coast line has sunk in the last two thousand years, carrying ruined towns and temples of antiquity down to burial in the waves. Who can say what records of enormous value to history might be uncovered by the plan of the dam. Even the money value of these treasures might be sufficient to pay a large part of the project, for billions of dollars' worth of gold and silver and gems and works of art must have been lost in the Mediterranean waters in the last six thousand years.

Of no money value whatsoever, but of enormous human interest, would be the evidence which might be found of those still more ancient folk who may have lived in the Mediterranean Valley thousands of years ago, before the ocean broke into it, folk who may perhaps have originated what we call civilization. The deep gorge at the Straits of Gibraltar is not the only sign that the sea may have broken into the Mediterranean Basin within the human period. Perhaps the damming of the Straits and the lowering of the water level of the sea might give the world not merely power and land and money, but that inestimable treasure, a better knowledge of the origin of civilized man.


HERE YOU HAVE "EVERYTHING for the GARDEN"

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THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

YOU, TOO, WILL BE AMAZED AT THIS NEW WAY TO WASH.
READ THESE FACTS—MAKE THIS TEST

**New Million Dollar Granulated Soap Combines *Safety* With *Utmost* Speed. At Last A *Safe* Fast-Washing Soap That Actually Loosens Dirt Out of Clothes *In 15 Minutes' Soaking*—Gets Them 4 to 5 Shades Whiter Than Other Soaps Without Scrubbing or Boiling.**

● New and Improved OXYDOL is different from any bar, flake, chip or ordinary granulated soap you ever used. Different in the way it's made and in the results it gets.

Due to its patented process of making, OXYDOL dissolves instantly in hard or soft water, and does these things:

FIRST—gives thick, 3-inch suds, rich as whipped dairy cream. Suds that go to work on grease, dirt and stains in any water—2 to 3 times faster than less modern soaps.

SECOND—sets up a unique, new "soak and flush" washing action. 15 MINUTES' SOAKING loosens dirt out so it flushes away without scrubbing or boiling.

You cut washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. You save long hours of soaking, scrubbing and boiling—you get clothes clean and white without washboard wear and tear.

And yet, due to its special formula—its special protective combination of mild soap ingredients—OXYDOL is *safe. Absolutely safe* to hands, colors, and fabrics!

***Accept FREE Trial***

Send your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. E, Box 668, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we'll see you get a regular 10c package (enough for 2 full washings) absolutely free. Or to avoid delay—get OXYDOL today from your own grocer.

YOUR MONEY BACK
*If This Test Fails in Your Home*

**● Into 2 pans, filled with equal amounts of water, put equal amounts of (1) your favorite soap and (2) the New and Improved OXYDOL. Then soak a dirty towel in each for 15 minutes by the clock. Then rinse.**

**● IF IN YOUR OPINION the towel that soaked in OXYDOL doesn't wash out *whiter*, smell *sweeter*, take the unused portion of the package of OXYDOL back to your grocer with this ad and get your money back.**

*Multiplies* 500 TIMES IN SUDS




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# Johnston's

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Wouldn't you like HER, whether she be wife, mother or sweetheart, to have the finest of everything, always? . . . When you give candy, that ideal is "just around the corner." Simply give Johnston's! Your judgment will flatter her taste. Her taste will confirm your judgment.

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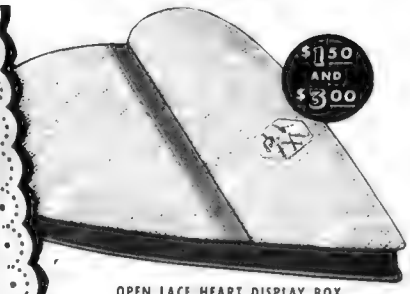


**OPEN LACE HEART DISPLAY BOX**

Unusual! Real lace covers this modern shaped heart. A radiant array of fine candies makes it doubly attractive to that lady who likes something DIFFERENT.

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22 different kinds of chocolates and other confections in a charming box whose opened cover reveals their wide variety and luscious freshness.

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A gorgeous red and gold heart whose inside cover displays the beautiful Johnston High Hat Girl. Look for this OPEN DISPLAY BOX filled with variety chocolates and candies on display at your favorite Johnston Candy Counter. Present it with complete confidence in its Freshness, Variety, Goodness In $2, $1, 50c and 30c sizes.

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All small chocolates in a wide variety of centers to please her fancy. The raised cover permits you to see their variety and goodness.

**SILK HEART BOX**

The silken sheen of this queenly package . . . the abundance of its delicious candies . . . will remind her of you for a long time to come.

**ALWAYS FRESH!**
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Mac's Store
NEW HAVEN
Godfried & Davis
Edw. Malley Company
NEW LONDON
A. J. Maloof
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Baronian Bros.
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Opperman Drug Co.
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CAMBRIDGE
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# Heart Appeal by Jenefer Ames

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Lea Goes Too Far.

[illegible]

He had seen Lea six or seven times in all since that first evening he had come to her apartment. He knew she had fallen in love with him, or thought she had. But that didn't disturb him greatly. He felt that with Lea the emotion was too shallow to be of any great significance. Now had it been Kathie...

He shied away from that thought. But not before he had been conscious of a curious contraction of the muscles of his heart, a quickening of his pulses. He lit a cigarette with a hand that trembled and muttered, "But what utter rot! She's no more likely to fall in love with me than I am with her. We're both far too sensible and too

[illegible]

eyes. She didn't chatter. He didn't mind a woman being brainless so long as she didn't talk constantly and advertise the fact. They had a drink at a hotel; drove back to New York for dinner; and, afterwards, at Lea's suggestion, went back to her apartment.

She produced drinks and cigarettes and curled herself up on the divan. She patted the space beside her invitingly but, with a faint smile, he seated himself in the arm-chair opposite.

He could see she was annoyed and it amused him to make her a little annoyed. He felt like quoting the Duchess in Alice in Wonderland to her. "He only does it to annoy because he knows it teases."

"Don't you want to make love to me ever, Derek?" Lea Cried.

And then, towards eleven, the outer door bell rang.

Lea said she wouldn't answer it, because it might be Hal.

"Your husband?" he questioned.

She said, "Yes, but we're not living together as you know. He's living with another woman. But that won't prevent his coming here and making a scene if he were to get in."

[illegible] love with him?" he asked curiously.

She shrugged and grimaced. "Far from it. Do you think I am?"

He said, "I think you might be. It isn't always easy to throw off an old love, however unsatisfactory it has been. At the time we make the break it seems comparatively simple, but every affair that has meant anything at all in our lives has far-reaching tentacles." He smiled, and added, "But that doesn't answer the problem about answering the door-bell. It's ringing again."

"I'm not going to answer it," she said determinedly. "I don't want anyone breaking in on us, do you?"

He replied, "Certainly not a husband who might give trouble!"

She sprang to her feet. "I know what I'll do. I'll put out the light then, whoever it is will think there's no one at home."

She switched off the light as she spoke. There was only the faint glow of the gas-fire in the room.

"This is cosy, isn't it?" she murmured happily.

He laughed outright. "Do you think it is safe for me to remain in here alone in the dark with you, Lea?"

She came and sat on his knee, pressed her cheek against his. "I don't mind if it isn't so safe."

He kissed her on the forehead, pulled her ear and said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Lea, that there are times when a man doesn't want to make love to a woman, however attractive she may be?"

He felt her face grow hot against his. He had been a little cruel intentionally, but he felt it would be good for her.

"You're being nasty," she demurred. "Or are you teasing me again?"

He shook his head. "Not this time. It's something you ought to think about, Lea. Most women, when they're attractive like you, seem to imagine that every man in the world, given any opportunity, would be eager to make love to them. But the fact remains that men too want to choose their own time to make love. If the woman forces the situation, nine times out of ten the man won't respond."

She got up from his knees and crossed over to the divan. He could hear her crying.

He waited a moment, then he went and sat down beside her. He laid a hand upon her shoulder. "Listen, Lea," he said gently. "You mustn't cry, but for me to love you would be too complicated. Don't you see that?"

"I don't see it. Don't you want to make love to me ever, Derek?" Lea cried.

His arm tightened about her slight shoulders. "Perhaps," he said. "Yes, I think I do. All the same I'm not going to."

She threw her own arms about him. "But why Derek, why? Since you say you want to..."

"One can't do everything one wants," he pointed out.

She crept closer to him. "But if I want you to, Derek?"

"I said there were complications. Or rather, one complication."

"But I told you I wasn't living with Hal," she protested.

He smiled faintly in the darkness. "I wasn't thinking of him. And even if you were, that wouldn't be an insurmountable complication."

"Then I don't understand."

"Don't try to," he said.

"But I must understand, Derek." Her voice rose querulous, insistent. "What else can make a complication? It isn't—" she caught her breath sharply. "It isn't Kathleen?"

He hesitated a moment. "Yes, it is Kathleen," he admitted.

"But . . . but . . ." she stammered. "I thought you told me since you remet her you hadn't even kissed her?"

"Even so," he said.

"Then why," she demanded, "Derek, it's only fair to tell me way?"

He said quietly, "I happen to value her friendship."

"More than you value my love?" she cried jealously.

He got to his feet. He said, half angrily: "It isn't fair to ask me that, Lea."

"But I must know. I must," she repeated. She pounded her clenched fists on the divan. "You must tell me. You must."

(Continued on Page 25)


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Don't trust to chance. There's a *sure* way to *"The Skin You Love to Touch"!*...Read the proof!

NO GIRL would willingly risk her beauty on the turn of a wheel. Yet thousands *do* hazard their complexions on unproved beauty aids.

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Follow it persistently and you'll find there is nothing else like it for stopping excessive Falling Hair, Itching Scalp and Dandruff. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's NOW, or have your Barber or Hairdresser give you this treatment regularly. Illustrated booklet explaining it, free. Write GLOVER'S, Dept. HH, 462-4 Fourth Ave., New York City

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FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

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DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat, that so often leads to something serious, generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

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KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

# Heart Appeal

by Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 24)

He said curtly: "Very well then. More than what you suggest is love, Lea."

She sobbed once, then was quiet. She was frightened, afraid she had pushed matters too far. She told herself she should have waited until she had had a greater hold over him. She shouldn't have forced such an early climax.

And in those moments that she lay there motionless, scarcely breathing, a hatred grew up in her heart for her sister, Kathleen. A hatred that was probably more intense than any emotion she had ever experienced.

All the same she persisted. "But it is love, Derek! It is genuine love."

"Very well. We won't argue the question."

She was up against that hard streak in him. She hadn't experienced it before. But it was as though he had shut himself up in a steel box.

She felt that nothing she could do, nothing she could say in that moment would get through to him. And, suddenly, in her desperation she cried aloud, "Oh, I hate her. I hate her!" And she sobbed afresh.

In the darkness he paced about the small sitting room. Like most men he hated a scene. He was still too angry at Lea to be forced into a corner to have any genuine pity for Lea. But gradually the natural tenderness of his nature reasserted itself. A tenderness that contrasted oddly with that hard streak in him.

"Stop crying, Lea," he said presently. "And of course you don't hate your sister. It's all nonsense."

She had sufficient presence of mind to gulp back her tears and say humbly, "Yes, perhaps it is, Derek. I'm sorry."

He crossed back to where she was lying and touched her hair. "Never mind," he said. "We'll forget about it."

She caught hold of his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "Let's forget about it."

She almost laughed aloud with relief. Her fear, that by precipitating matters, she had lost him forever, vanished. She could pretend to agree with him and, later, her time would come. She was sure it would come. She was convinced that, in the end, she could get him from Kathleen.

She raised her tear-stained face. "Kiss me, please, Derek, to show you've forgiven me."

"Turn on the light first and I will," he promised. He added, with a laugh, "I don't believe in kissing women in taxi-cabs or in the dark. One is too customary and the other too gauche!"

"I knew, my dear Kathleen, there was something afoot," Mr. Daniel Caught Her Up Teasingly.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### Promotion.

ON Monday morning Kathleen revolted. She revolted against many things; one of which being that she had too much responsibility at Webbers. Hitherto she had welcomed responsibility as an incentive to work. Though she had assistants she had run the department almost single-handed. But on that drab gray Monday morning she found she had little or no taste either for responsibility or for work.

Sunday had been a dreadful day. She had slept little on that fateful Saturday night. The morning found her tired out, her limbs aching, her mind weary and disillusioned.

Of course there might be some feasible explanation. She still clung to that thought, her mind revolting against Hal Rayburn's insinuations. All the same the fact remained that both Lea and Derek had been meeting behind her back, and if they weren't conscious of their conduct as deceitful why hadn't they admitted the furtherances of their friendship openly?

"Stop thinking about it, Kathleen," she admonished herself sternly. "Think about something else. Your work, for instance."

But though she had brought work home for the week-end she found she couldn't do it. She kept glancing towards the telephone, as though she were expecting it to ring. Derek might phone and tell her that he had taken Lea out the day before.

But even if he did what of the other meetings Hal had told her about? He couldn't have a satisfactory explanation for these. And yet, because she loved him, she clung to the thought that he might have.

So her mind revolved until she couldn't stand the tension any longer. She would go out, anywhere. Anywhere to get away from the sight of that telephone; anywhere out of earshot so that she knew even if it did ring she couldn't hear it. She would go and visit her sister Mamie at Stamford.

But if things start badly they have a habit of going from bad to worse. Mamie's household was the last place she should have gone to be cheered up or taken out of herself. Dickie was down with measles. Margaret had boils which made her querulous, and Jeff grumbled because the roast pork wasn't done to his liking.

"Don't you know I like it done brown and crisp?" he demanded stridently. "The chief thing I enjoy about pork is the crackling. That would have been a darned nice piece of meat if you'd had sense enough to put it in the oven in time. What do you think I slave all the week for if it isn't to enjoy my Sunday dinner? I selected that pork myself to make sure it would be good. Paid two dollars for it. Two dollars, and I might as well have thrown it into the gutter!"

"Well, if you'd given me a hand with the children this morning I might have got it cooked to your lordship's liking," Mamie flung back at him sarcastically. "If you don't think I've got enough work to do come and look after Dickie for a day, not to mention Margaret when she yells every time she turns over in bed!"

"Work?" he scoffed. "You women don't know what work is. Lazing around a house all day when I'm sweating blood to provide for you and your kids. You ought to try earning your own living."

"Kathleen earns her own living," Mamie retorted hotly, "and she doesn't make such a song and dance about it. Women don't. They get on with the job and don't want a gallery applauding them all the time. Men spend so much time looking around to hear someone say, 'well done,' that they have hardly time to do anything! Look at the way you've been bragging all day. Kathleen hasn't said a word, though I bet she's done twice as much work this week as you. And," she added, throwing him a mean look, "don't forget she earns five or six times as much as you."

Kathleen winced. She went hot with embarrassment and stared down miserably at the offending pork. She knew too much to interfere in quarrels between husband and wife. All the same it was wretched to have to sit there and listen. Especially when Mamie insisted upon dragging her into it, as she invariably did.

That, she thought, is one of the nicer traits men have over women. They don't draw outsiders into domestic quarrels whatever the provocation. But there isn't one wife in a thousand who won't descend to it.

"She may," Jeff grumbled, "but that doesn't say she earns it. I work. I don't sit in an office ordering other people about. And then look at the breaks she has."

"Everyone but you has always had the breaks," Mamie interposed tartly. "You're always talking about all these breaks other people are getting. Why don't you go out and look for a few yourself?"

"Marriage... this marriage," Kathleen thought. "Derek is probably right. It can't be a success. I was right, too, when I used to vow that I'll never marry." And yet she couldn't believe if Derek and she had married it could ever have become like this. "We're different," she thought, "we've brains. Probably it requires as much brains to make a successful marriage as it does to make a successful career. I'm sure, had Derek and I married, it couldn't have been like this."

But perhaps everyone thought that. Though they saw the shipwrecks of marriage all around them they believed their own must turn out differently. Simply because it was theirs.

She realized, with dismay and annoyance, that her thoughts were revolving around Derek again. As though she couldn't get away from him. But she would have to. She must make a more determined effort.

Jeff and Mamie continued to bicker, on and off, all afternoon, and the children were as unpleasant as only children can be, despite what the sentimentalists would have us believe.

She was glad to get away. She left Mamie a fifty-dollar bill to get in extra help while the children were sick, and while Mamie thanked her profusely Jeff grumbled that they didn't really need outside help. Much more sensible to use it to pay the first instalment on that new piano he was wanting.

But about that Kathleen was adamant. The money was to be used for the purpose she gave it. "Or else I'll never give another present to either of you," he said sharply.

Mamie took her through the small, rather untidy front garden to the gate. She kissed her and said that she hoped she'd enjoyed herself. "A rest from the office anyhow," she said, and added, "You look tired, dear. Nothing's the matter, is it?"

Kathleen lied that nothing was the matter and they parted. Mamie, she thought as she drove away in her car, was losing her looks. Once she had been quite pretty. She had never had Kathleen's vivid coloring or her vivaciousness, nor Lea's dark feline beauty.

All the same, as a girl, she had been brown-haired, brown-eyed, laughing, pretty. Did she realize she was becoming quite plain, and if she did, did she care? Was that another thing marriage did to some women, robbed them of their natural pride in their personal appearance?

"There is no reason why it should," she demurred.

Yet the fact remained that women in business were often smarter dressed than women who remained at home. Perhaps it was the sense of competition that business instils into one; one gets the habit of never letting down on anything.

She didn't do the work she had brought home that night. She found she had no ideas. She was furious, but she could do nothing about it. Her anger against herself grew. She remembered Mr. Daniel's words that first morning she had met Derek.

"I've never known a woman in love," he had told her flatly, "who was any use at her job. She's nervous, fidgety, can't keep her mind on her work for two minutes together. If I had my way I'd fire every girl as soon as the moment she fell in love—except that with most girls falling in love is chronic!"

Could that be true, she wondered. She had denied it hotly at the time. But now she wasn't so sure. With intense mortification she realized that she hadn't been so good at her own job these past few weeks. Perhaps no one but herself had noticed it. She hoped and prayed not.

The immediate problem was that her work was terribly behind-hand. But was that altogether her fault? Hadn't she rather too much work to do? More, really, than was humanly possible? She had several assistants. Why shouldn't one of them share the responsibility?

She made an appointment with Mr. Daniel the following morn

(Continued on Page 28)

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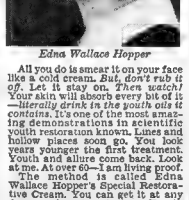
Do I Look Like A Woman of 60?

People Can't Believe It... Yet Here I Am

*Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations*



Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth are the *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it —*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

*If everyone in this theatre uses Pepsodent Antiseptic*

(as used in recent tests)

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*Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.*

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

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# Louise

by Inez Castello

## A Gripping Story of Love and Adventure in the Desert

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

B[illegible]

### CHAPTER IV.
**Treachery**

[illegible]

**For a Moment Suleiman Looked as if He Would Use Physical Force to Prevent Isola From Leaving Him.**

[illegible]

may be," he said, "matters nothing. It does not entitle you to make that insinuation. I come of a proud race, Sir Gervase. I must ask you to respect the fact."

"And I again, Suleiman, ask you for a reply to my question. What is this mysterious thing which is—entirely for my good? I insist upon knowing."

"It is simple. The departure of Miss Dearing from under your fiancee's roof."

"Indeed? You are alluding to Miss Maxwell? If so, since when has she been affianced to me, Suleiman?"

"Society regards you as practically engaged to her, Sir Gervase."

"I know. But Society is often a little previous. And pray what difference would it make if Miss Dearing left her house?"

"It will allow me to make Miss Dearing my wife," said Suleiman simply, with a little gesture towards Isola. "She herself now desires that happy outcome of momentary difficulties."

"I see no difficulties. If Miss Dearing genuinely desires what you are pleased to call a happy outcome," said Gervase, "she is perfectly free to accept it. But—from what she has told me——"

"Sir Gervase. It is better that way . . ." said Isola, nerve-wracked and tormented. Since Suleiman, who seemed to have discovered long since where she was, had waylaid her, he had convinced her that she could only cause trouble between Patricia and Gervase if she stayed where she was. He had assured her that Gervase was in love with her, and that she was wrong to have intruded upon them.

"This matter," Sir Gervase intervened coldly, "would be better discussed, Suleiman, without your interference. I think it would be as well if Miss Dearing and I were to wish you a good-night. At the moment, she is under the care of Miss Maxwell and myself."

For a moment Suleiman looked as if he would use physical force to prevent Isola from leaving him. But then a fracas in the Park probably seemed to him to be ridiculous, and he drew back with a little laugh.

"He laughs longest, Sir Gervase, who laughs last," he said merely, turned on his heel and evaporated like a ghost into the blackness of the night.

### CHAPTER V.
**Gervase Speaks**

"HOW did he come to meet you here?" Gervase demanded of Isola hotly. She gestured helplessly.

"I was out with Miss Maxwell. She left me to go on home alone. Mr. Suleiman must have seen me, been watching for me. He caught me up. He knew that I'd been at your flat and been moved to Miss Maxwell's house. How, I don't know."

"And—what lies he has been telling you?" Gervase felt indifferent as to how Suleiman had come by his knowledge. He wanted to get at the root of the talk between Isola and the fellow.

"It wasn't lies, Sir Gervase. I think—I felt—he had right on his side. He argued that I was in the wrong place, making myself dependent on people who did not really want me."

"That, in itself, was a lie. I want you, Isola. I want you tremendously."

"You—?" Isola stopped in her tracks, breathless, wide-eyed, a little frightened.

"Of course. Would I have gone into that burning building to look for you, if you had been nothing to me? Listen here, Isola. We're going to be quite straight with each other before we get back to

(Continued on Page 27)

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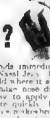

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from babyhood to 11 years


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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

# Lure

by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 26)

Pat's place. I'm going to say quite plainly that I love you. I'm going to ask you just as plainly if you love me?"

Isola was silent for a moment. Her heart was beating madly, while her mind was working calmly. He loved her. The words must always remain with her, even though they might mean nothing to her. She thought only of the really right answer to give him, the answer which would be for his good. Suleiman, with a poisonous but effective subtlety, had suggested to her that she would do this man irradicable harm if she did not cut herself right away from him.

"He's in love with you, of course he is," Suleiman had said. "You may be, with him. I don't know. But, if you are, be advised and don't let him know it. No good can come of it. Society will snub you. Society expects him to marry Patricia Maxwell. A future peer cannot afford recklessly to marry a mannequin. Do you not understand the vast gulf between you and him?"

Isola, pondering the problem in a quick, flashing minute, felt that she carried a great responsibility on her shoulders. Her heart led her East and her mind carried her West. She wanted to answer his question truthfully, but she was just as vigorously prompted to tell him a lie.

Suddenly, before she could speak, she felt his arms round her, felt his lips on hers, and she collapsed under a sudden ecstacy, more beautiful than anything she had ever known. Weakly, she gave herself to that embrace, that joy which was yet a pain, that weakness which still was strength.

"Natural interpretation, Isola darling," he laughed joyously as he released her. "Silence meant consent, isn't that so?"

"Gervase, . . ." She hid her face behind shaking hands, and then gripped his arm. "I can't allow it. I mustn't. I do—yes, I do love you. Terribly. Awfully. But —it isn't right of me to admit it."

"And—why not, my precious darling?"

"Gervase, you mustn't call me that! I'm such a mere nobody. Listen. We have, as you said, to be straight with each other over this. There's Patricia—"

"Of course. I can guess that the Suleiman merchant painted Pat's name on your mind in big black letters. That's no good. Patricia cannot stand between you and me, whatever she says, or anyone else. I know that now. I ought to have known it long ago. We'll always be jolly good pals, and that's all."

"But—everybody expects you to marry her?"

"He who expects too much, realizes too little. You need not worry about Pat. She will understand. If she doesn't—that will be her fault."

"Yes, only—don't you see? I'm such a rank outsider, Gervase?" Isola clung to him.

"Bramley Dearing's daughter an outsider?" he laughed down at her.

"You knew Patricia long, long before ever you met me."

"So long indeed, my dearest dear, that I do not love her."

"But she loves you—"

"No. I knew that long ago. Pat stands for class, for worldly advantage. Pat and I have been pushed together by a code, a creed, a callous worldly-mindedness. Neither of us really loves the other. Neither of us dare admit the truth to the other. At least, I have never dared to do that up till now; but now, I'm going to break the spell."

Once again in his arms, nothing could break the spell of his kisses, his endearments, his emotional magnetism. Released eventually, she followed him into Knightsbridge. She was curiously divided in her mind. She loved. She feared to love. And —the fear was the greater of the two.

Patricia was at the foot of the staircase, just going up to dress for dinner.

"You two—together?" There was surprise in her cool, aloof voice. Gervase laughed.

"Why not—Pat?" Gervase spoke with a cold surprise as he approached Patricia. "We met in the Park, little Isola and I. As a result, Pat, I've news for you. Isola and I have decided to be married."

* * *

Isola had been glad to escape to the room she was occupying. She sat there, before a mirror, all atremble, happiness out-stripped by countless doubts and fears. Immediately, Isola had realized the blow Gervase had dealt to Patricia. In her pale face, for one flashing instant, dismay had reigned, been swept aside for white-hot fury, and then subtly hidden as though these emotions had never been. Already, Patricia was assuring herself that these two would never come together while she could possibly prevent it.

For the moment, with a smile of surprise and a light kiss on the cheek for Isola, her cool voice uttered congratulations. And after Isola was gone upstairs—even then—Patricia preserved that outward calm which seemed to accept an already foreseen result. She lingered for a moment in the hall with Gervase.

"I knew you'd realize how it was—with me, at any rate, Pat," he was saying a little awkwardly, when she interrupted him.

"My dear Gervase, it was too obvious for anything, so far as I was concerned. I'm not pretending, you must know, that I'm feeling too happy, myself. You and I, Gervase, to our friends—"

"I know, Pat. And, if Isola hadn't come along, I'd have been marrying you shortly, I suppose. And I'm dead fond of you as well, Pat. You know that. But—it isn't more than fondness. And you? I've not really hurt you, have I?"

"Quite a deal, Gervase, But—" Patricia shrugged—"I suppose I must put up with that, whether I like it or not. I'd only ask you one thing, my dear."

"And that—?"

"Give—our friends—everyone —an opportunity to become accustomed to—to Isola and yourself. Make it easier for me by keeping this to yourselves till after the cruise you and Isola. There's no need for a formal engagement yet—"

"Of course not, Pat. No hurry at all. Indeed, if we did become engaged publicly now, it would look rather rushed. Actually, Pat, I hadn't intended to speak to Isola for a while yet, only—it came on her in the Park with that Suleiman blighter. He was persuading her to leave this house and be married to him, telling her all sorts of lies about you and me. I just had to intervene."

"Of course—" Patricia's narrowed eyes were averted. She turned herself rather nervously towards the stairs, laying slim fingers on the bannister for support. There was a subtle little smile on her lips which Gervase could not see.

"Oh, well—" she breathed lightly. "I only hope this is going to prove for your happiness, Gervase. You know that. Meantime —I must try to grow accustomed to looking on you in a different light, old thing."

She succeeded, by the delicate emotion of her voice, in making Gervase feel none too happy with himself as he remained behind in the hall. And that was her intention, without it appearing so. Her tone of wistful loneliness and loss left him wondering if, even now, he had been in the right, whether he was not selfishly betraying his sense of duty.

But Patricia's real feelings were exposed as, later that evening, she stood in the luxurious lounge of Suleiman's flat.

"Gervase spoiled your ideas and mine, Suleiman," she said as he bowed her to the comfort of a settee. Suleiman shrugged, smiling.

"Is that so?"

"He is marrying her—after the cruise."

"Indeed? It was unfortunate that he interrupted my persuasions in the Park. However, it cannot be helped, I suppose."

"Suleiman, it must be helped. I am not going to stand by and be flouted by that minx of a creature of yours—"

"Dear lady, you speak of my future wife—" Suleiman's voice held rebuke. Patricia gestured frenziedly.

"She is lost to you now. Why speak like that?"

"You are wrong. She is not yet lost to me. You should know me, dear lady, better than that. I am Power, not to be thwarted. You have reasons why you desire to become Lady Bellingham. I have a reason why the charming Isola must become my wife—a very strong reason."

"That little nobody?" Patricia lifted puzzled eyes. "There are women of good social standing, Suleiman—"

"Not for me."

"I don't understand—"

"You shall, dear lady. And meantime rest assured that I am not allowing my little Isola to escape me easily."

"Then you'd better act quickly. Once she sets out on that cruise there is no knowing what may not happen."

"The cruise will be helpful, rather than otherwise," Suleiman said slowly. "But you must also be helpful. First of all, dear lady, there must be left no doubt in the minds of Gervase and his lady-love but that you accept the match as inevitable."

"Oh, that is exactly the attitude I have taken up," Patricia shrugged. "It seemed to me, if only for the sake of my pride, the proper course. I asked only that no engagement should be announced till after the cruise—to gain time—"

"Excellent. We are the perfect allies, you and I. We shall march hand in hand to victory. And now, I will disclose to you how I propose that victory should be attained."

Suleiman, leaning forward, began to talk in his soft voice on a note of confidence. And as his words drifted on, the picture they presented caused Patricia's attitude to become tense, her eyes to shine, the dawn of a triumphant smile on her lips. . .

* * *

Isola felt the shadow of Suleiman lifted forever from her life as the Babylonia, a white and graceful shape, nosed her way down channel through moderately calm waters.

She had received a somewhat embarrassing letter from him the day before she left London, together with an equally embarrassing present in the shape of some beautiful frocks and dainty feminine wear.

"For the sake of the happy hours we have spent together in the past, little Isola," read the letter. "I am asking you to accept these few unworthy trifles for the adornment of that beauty always to remain in my memory as a blissful dream, which Fate has cruelly taken from me. By the time this reaches you I shall have left for Paris, where Suleiman will no longer occupy himself as a fashion king, but will retire to nurse the wounds in his heart, which beats only for the charming bride he had so vainly sought to win."

It was impossible to return the present, which she had retained reluctantly, without purpose of using it. The letter she had also retained, meaning to show it to Gervase later on, but finding neither time nor occasion to do this before the voyage started. And then she forgot it in the excitement of her first cruise, her first experience of the luxury aboard this palatial yacht.

The party numbered fourteen, friends of Patricia rather than of Gervase. Pleasant people who accepted her as the daughter of Bramley Dearing in the friendliest way. It was mention of that fact, and some talk of her father's fame as an explorer, which caused Gervase to become additionally interested in his death, something he seemed to remember in the way of a mystery.

"We never did learn the truth about it all," Isola said one night at dinner, a little perturbed to find herself such a centre of interest. "He was supposed to have been killed by tribesmen in the Sahara. His clothes and things reached us from the French authorities at a place called—Marrakech, is it?"

"Quite right!" Gervase nodded. "And they gave no details otherwise?"

"Nothing at all. But my aunt and I had a letter from him, written there before he went into the desert. He said in it that he was on a dangerous mission. It was—something which, so he wrote to us, would make us rich if he succeeded."

"Sounds romantic." A dark and rather too good-looking man, Adrian Carthwayte, suggested. "Hidden treasure, or something like that, Miss Dearing?"

"We never knew. The next we heard was from the French authorities. He was dead."

"Ought to have been something more definite forthcoming," said Gervase. "I wonder the British government didn't make more inquiries."

"They did try, but nothing came of it. And—it needed money to go out there myself. I couldn't afford it."

"And how long was it, dear?" asked Patricia.

"Two years and more since."

"That's not so very long. You were talking, Gervase, of landing at Casablanca. There's no reason why we shouldn't go to Marrakech and see if anything can be found out?"

"Good idea, Pat! I was thinking the very same thing myself. I know a chap out there—a French officer. He might prove useful. Marrakech is a delightful spot, anyhow, and it would be quite a good item in our program to see if the mystery can be cleared up."

It pleased Isola, too. So often she had thought of that tragic end to her father, wondering how it had come about and why. His hint of a secret mission with riches at the end had always remained in her mind as mystifying. Not that even now she expected anything much to result from inquiries, but she was grateful to Gervase for the chance to go to the spot which would, for her, be sanctified by her father's memory.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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# Choosing the Winter Cup That Cheers

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

"ANY tea, any coffee today, Madam?" This is the almost invariable question of the grocery clerk, as the homemaker gives her order while she checks it from the shopping list in her hand.

No matter what other items she may need, the clerk rightly supposes that her supplies of these beverages may be growing low, since hot drinks form part of every Winter meal and are used also for the many in-between snacks so necessary in low temperature weather.

Not only coffee and tea, but cocoa, malted milk, health drinks and special combination beverages all should have a generous share of the pantry shelf especially in Winter when the consumption of hot beverages is greatly increased. Even though it be true that we can obtain 250 to 300 cups of tea from a pound, or that between 50 and 60 cups of coffee may be brewed from a pound of ground coffee, it is surprising how frequently such supplies seem to run low.

On what basis should they be selected? Probably no other single food ingredient, if we may call them that, is so largely determined by personal preference and idiosyncracy. People disagree over the relative merits of such subtleties as flavor, fragrance, color, blend, brew, etc., the Englishman liking his tea as dark and strong as coffee, while the Russian and others of us prefer our cups pale strawcolored.

As every schoolchild knows, tea was introduced from China into Europe by those pioneers in industry, the Dutch East India Company, during the sixteenth century. The first authenticated date of its appearance in England was in 1657, not long after Shakespeare.

Then it was a very rare luxury indeed, selling for about ten dollars the pound. Its use was so limited and so exclusive, that ladies took to sipping it daintily and sparingly in very tiny cups of Chinaware or "China" because out of them was enjoyed this delicious and novel "China Tea." Until then (and much later for the mass of the people) tea meant an herb tea made from peppermint, camomile, and other aromatic leaves of the garden.

The tea plant is an evergreen shrub, botanically allied to the camellia, and having similar waxy white and fragrant single flowers. But it is the leaves which are all-important, and which are gathered after a very elaborate technique by the owners and growers of these tea nurseries.

The quantity of the tea infusion may be said to depend on the position or distance of the leaf on the plant, thus the leaves at the top or tip are the most delicate and flavorful, while those beneath are definitely graded in quality and corresponding price. Naturally the soil, climate, and the altitude (the higher the better the growth) are important factors, as are also the methods of drying or as it is called the "firing" of the gathered leaves.

For the housewife's convenience we may arrange an abbreviated outline of teas, something as follows:

GREEN TEAS.
(Unfermented, from Japan.)
Basket-fired, Pan-fired, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Imperial.
BLACK TEAS.
(Fermented, from China.)
Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, Souchong, English Breakfast (blend).
OOLONG TEAS.
(Semi-fermented, from China.)
Formosa Oolong, Foochow Oolong.
CEYLON AND INDIA TEAS.
Golden Tips, Flowery Pekoe.
SCENTED FANCY CHINESE TEAS.
Waterlily Teas, Scented Caper Tea, etc.

The method of firing is either basket-fired or pan-fired. In the former, the stirring of the leaves is practically all done by hand at a low temperature, thus producing long unbroken leaves. These are a better flavor and command a higher price. The pan-fired teas are stirred mechanically, thus breaking up the leaves and making it less desirable.

The green teas are made from leaves which are not allowed to ferment, hence retain more of their natural green color, while the fermented leaves while firing turn into the black teas.

The names connected with tea lore are fascinating, and a little of this information is interesting to any housewife. The name "Oolong", for example, is not the name of a locality or grower, but means in Chinese "dragon", from the fancied resemblance to the slenderness of the leaves.

The very tipmost leaves (most expensive) are called Golden Tips. The leaves just below on the same plant are the Orange Pekoe (because of the orange tint when they are ripe), while below again is the Pekoe, and last and most coarse the Pekoe Souchong.

The tea leaves are also marketed in various styles—such as the ball, the pearl, the roll, etc. That is, each variety of firing can be recognized by its characteristic shape, just as distinct to the expert as are carrots and turnips to the eye of the housewife.

What must be avoided is the dust, waste or "fannings," as this cheap residue is called by the trade. The true tea lover will be just as careful of the tea after it enters her home as the countless hands are who enable it to reach her after its thousand-mile voyage from the other side of the world.

There is no reason to use only one variety of tea: the genuine bostess has no less than four or five teas on her shelf—teas which taste better with light meals, teas which are ideal for the afternoon tea tables, teas which are flower scented and best to accompany Oriental dishes, etc., teas which go best with lemon, or others which stand alone on their own flavor.

Now for the perfect cup of coffee! Here we find again that the coffee plant is also a tropical evergreen, a low tree this time, whose flowing branches bear a profusion of small white, and jasmine-scented flowers which rapidly turn into small pods bearing twin berries, or grooved beans, the coffee berry of the commercial crop.

Coffee likewise undergoes a long series of processes to clean, dry, fire and finally "roast" the bean before it can be utilized to make the perfect cup. Every variety of coffee bean, also, has its own characteristic qualities. That is why usually the best coffee is made from a carefully-selected blend of several varieties.

In older days the terms "Mocha and Java" were held all-important, and the buyer most often requested these varieties coming from the Isle of Java. Indeed, the word "Mocha" is synonymous in culinary directions for coffee as a flavoring, extract, frosting, or even as a color, as in Mocha Cake, etc.

But for many years the supply of either Mocha or Java has been negligible. The bulk of coffees used now are from South America, and include Bogota, of good flavor; Santos, Maracaibo, which gives a heavy body to the drink, and so on. Neither the appearance nor the price paid for the coffee is the arbiter of what may be called the perfect cup. Higher price does not necessarily mean better flavor—but usually only a specific flavor or blend. The best coffee, after all, comes down to what you think is the best.

Keep several brands on hand, some for the breakfast beverage, another for after dinner black coffee or special needs.

The powdered or pulverized coffee makes a good emergency drink and is excellent for providing quick Mocha flavor to any dish, pudding or milk nog.

Coffee, however, gains much in the making if it is rightly ground for the type or method used to brew it. There are 3 main ways of grinding:

(1) Coarse ground—open coffee pot
(2) Medium ground—percolator
(3) Finely ground—drip or filter

These grinds are not interchangeable, and the housewife must be sure that she is not trying to make percolator coffee with that designed for filter coffee. Above all, coffee must be really fresh, or freshly roasted, kept airtight, and never, never be allowed to lie about in a paper bag.

Now for cocoa! Another tropical plant, the cacao tree, supplies this third important food beverage. This plant produces a great nut which contains many beans. These cocoa beans are treated in several ways and also roasted, which gives flavor, and then are ground to powder fineness. This mass of ground cocoa beans is chocolate, familiar for culinary and confectionary use.

Cocoa is the powdery substance left from chocolate after a large percentage of cocoa fat or butter has been removed, or put in another way, cocoa is chocolate with the oil removed. The mass is then pulverized, treated between heavy rollers, and sifted through the finest seives.

Breakfast cocoa is made from chocolate and contains not less than 22 per cent of cocoa butter fat, but is not sweetened or added to in any way. Sweet cocoa is cocoa with about 40 per cent cocoa and about 60 per cent sugar. Dutch process cocoa is treated so that the mass becomes dark when made, and appears more like full chocolate. Cocoa generally has more true chocolate flavor than even chocolate itself, and can be used more extensively since it is less rich.

Malted milk is another beverage foundation which deserves wider home, as well as soda fountain use. It is made from true full milk, plus the liquid which is separated from barley malt and wheat flour. This entire mixture is dried, then ground down, and milled to a powderlike consistency. Malted milk contains about 7 per cent butter fat and is highly nourishing but also very digestible.

No one drink, nor any one variety of the same class of beverage will satisfy all needs. Moreover, it has been found that one's taste and palate often turns stale—and that a change of variety or brand or way of making the infusions will prove of heightened interest. Teapots and coffee machines can stand a frequent scalding out, and a new blend of any beverage will prove worth trying.


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And Look
10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to luscious shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packaging.
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Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestions, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No doubt, when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S, 25c.

ALLCOCK'S
The original
POROUS PLASTER


## Heart Appeal

by Jenefer Ames

*(Continued from Page 25)*

wondering if there isn't something behind it?"

She glanced up quickly. "What do you mean?"

He smiled slowly, expansively. "Very few people care to shift responsibility unless they're driven to do so, my dear. Responsibility may be an awful taskmaster, but people put up with it because of the sense of power it gives them. They say that sex and hunger are the two primary emotions, but I often think that love of power comes before either. That's why I ask have you some ulterior motive. You're not," he drew his gray bushy eyebrows together, "thinking of getting married?"

A faint color stole to her cheeks. But she answered sharply, "Oh, no, Mr. Daniel."

"That's good," he said. "At least for the sake of the store. Though," he added with a chuckle, "some poor fellow is out of luck. Are you still as opposed to all ideas of marriage as you were when we had that talk on the subject a few months back?"

She didn't reply for a moment. She glanced down at her hands clasped in her lap. "I don't think I have changed," she said.

But she wasn't sure about it. Supposing Derek had had different ideas? Supposing he had suggested getting his wife to divorce him so he could marry her? Would she still have set her back against marriage?

She knew suddenly that she wouldn't. That she would rather marry Derek than do anything in the world. And, in the circumstances, it was awful to realize this so keenly.

Fortunately Mr. Daniel didn't pursue the subject.

"Well, what changes have you in mind?" he asked.

"I thought I might put someone in entire charge of all the advertising for the men's departments," she said. "After all, a man is surely more competent to deal with it than I am."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he demurred. "I believe the sales of the men's departments progressed by leaps and bounds when you took their advertising in hand. Don't forget that the personal touch in advertising probably appeals as much to men as to women. But we'll let that pass. Have you anyone special in mind?"

She nodded. "Yes, I would suggest Mr. Brentwood."

He made no attempt to disguise his surprise.

"Clive Brentwood!" he exclaimed. "But, my dear Kathleen, I thought of your entire department you considered him the most unsatisfactory!"

She said, "Yes, I did once, but lately he's improved tremendously. The copy he turns in now is altogether different from the staid, dull stuff he used to write when he first came from Feltons. Besides, I believe it would do him good to have responsibility. It might spur him on even more."

He said, "Humph!" and drummed with his short fat fingers on the edge of his desk. "Well," he admitted, "there are few men I'd rather see get on in this firm than Clive Brentwood. Even if his work didn't deserve it I'd do a lot for him because of the way he's slaved to give that kid every advantage. But, I thought you told me, not so long ago, he needed the human note in his copy. You told me you'd advised him to fall in love and I think I hinted that it was dangerous advice to give any young man for he might begin by falling in love with you." He gave a fat jolly laugh. "I don't suppose that has happened, has it?"

Again that quick color rose to her cheeks. But she laughed too.

"I can assure you it hasn't. The first time he's ever spoken to me pleasantly was on Saturday afternoon."

"Saturday afternoon? Out of office hours? I knew, my dear Kathleen, there was something afoot," he caught her up teasingly, and added, wagging a finger at her, "What were you doing with the unfortunate young man on Saturday afternoon?"

"I was taking him and Gumps driving in my car."

"For Gumps' sake, I suppose?"

"Of course," she replied. Her voice was rather sharp.

"There, there, my dear, don't get upstage about it," he said conciliatingly. "Allow an old man who has known you intimately and watched your career admiringly for seven years to have his little joke. And if you really think it would be a good thing to try out Brentwood in this new capacity I've nothing to say against it. I'll mention it at the directors' next meeting as a matter of form."

"Could my suggestion go into operation immediately?" she inquired.

"Certainly," he said. "Shall I inform the young man or will you?"

"I'd rather you did," she said quickly. She added, with a smile, "It will seem more official."

He agreed. But before she left his office he allowed himself a parting thrust. "I congratulate you upon your victory," he said, with a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

"My victory?" she questioned puzzled.

"Yes," he said. "In turning what looked very much like defeat into victory. That's why you didn't want me to transfer him to another department, wasn't it? Because you hated to admit defeat. You're a clever young woman, Kathleen Manners, I take off my hat to you!"

**To Be Continued Next Sunday.**

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DR. HENRI GAEHLINGER, great specialist in the treatment of constipation, co-author of important medical volume, "Constipation," says, "XR Yeast is the best remedy for constipation I have encountered!"

*XR Yeast is*
"definitely beneficial in most cases of constipation"

*SAY WORLD-FAMOUS MEDICAL MEN WHO TESTED IT!*

*Also acts far faster than former yeast on Indigestion, Skin Troubles, Lack of Energy, Headaches . . .*

TODAY the usual treatment of constipation has been entirely revolutionized!

For a new discovery has been made . . . called by doctors "a really great discovery for constipation and its related ailments!"

It is a new *yeast* . . . an entirely different *kind* of yeast . . . called "XR" . . . developed by a great medical scientist and a professor in one of America's leading universities!

As Dr. Gaehlinger (above) says: "It is astonishingly stronger . . . works with extra speed!"

This new XR Yeast stimulates digestive juices and muscles—from your stomach right on down through your colon or large intestine!

Thus your food is digested better . . . kept *softer* . . . so that it can be moved easily and speedily through your stomach and intestines!

Soon you become "regular," and can stop taking those harmful cathartics. Soon you don't feel that terrible distress after meals.

As poisons are cleared from your system, you should have a world of energy, more ambition and more cheerful spirits.

Your skin is quickly freed of those horrid pimples, boils and other blemishes. It takes on new color, a healthy look. Also, you don't have those headaches, day after day!

*Over 3 millions now eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast*

***Combats Colds, also!***

You have fewer colds, too, because of the new Vitamin A in Fleischmann's XR Yeast, which is now the world's greatest vitamin carrier—with its Vitamins A, B, D and G—*four* vitamins which we all need!

Won't you stop being half-sick, feeling miserable, looking badly? Order some Fleischmann's XR Yeast *now*—before it slips your mind—from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain. Don't put it off!

Just eat 3 cakes a day—plain, or dissolved in 1/3 glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals! Keep it up for 30 days, at least! Even after you've had *results!* Start the treatment right *now!*

*(As good as ever for baking, too!)*


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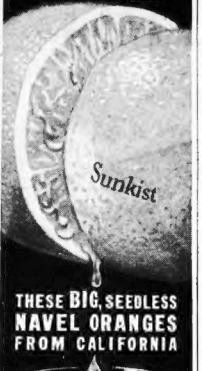
JUICIEST IN YEARS




THESE BIG, SEEDLESS NAVEL ORANGES FROM CALIFORNIA

PERFECT growing conditions in California this winter give you the BIGGEST, JUICIEST, RICHEST Sunkist *Seedless* Navel Oranges in years! Easier to peel, slice, segment—more soluble solids. Take advantage of *today's* specials at your dealer's. Buy a dozen, half-box or box and SAVE MORE! Copr., 1935 California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist SEEDLESS ORANGES


# When Oranges Are At Their Best

*By Mary Lee Swann,*
*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

**Orange Ice Cream (Tea Room Style).**

SCALD 1 cup milk. Mix 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add 1 egg yolk and then add the scalded milk slowly, stirring to prevent lumping. Return to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy. Strain. Chill. Add ½ cup crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup orange juice and fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze as usual.

**Orange Mint Sauce.**

REMOVE pulp and juice from 3 extra large oranges, add ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup chopped mint leaves and vegetable coloring to make an attractive green. Chill.

**Orange Puffs.**

CREAM ⅓ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually and beat in 2 eggs. Mix and sift 1¾ cups sifted flour with 3 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with ½ cup milk to the butter mixture. Bake in buttered muffin pans. Serve with orange sauce.

**Orange Sauce (Quick).**

BEAT 3 egg whites until stiff. Add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add the grated rind and juice of 2 oranges and the juice of 1 lemon. Serve immediately.

**Orange Plum Pudding (Uncooked).**

MIX 1 package orange flavored gelatine with ½ cup sugar and 2 cups boiling water. Set aside to cool. Cook 1 cup raisins in a very little water until they are soft. Cool and drain them. Add the cold raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, ¾ cup washed and dried currants, 1¼ cups chopped favorite nut meats, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon cloves to the cold gelatine. Pour into a large handsome mold or into individual molds that have been rinsed with cold water or wet with orange juice. Set in ice box to chill. Serve with whipped cream.

**Frozen Orange Salad.**

COMBINE 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff, ½ cup lemon mayonnaise and 1 cup fine granulated sugar. Cut 2 bananas, 1 cup dates and 1½ cups orange pulp in small pieces. Sprinkle the bananas with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Combine all ingredients. Pack in covered mold in ice and salt and let stand about 3 or 4 hours or until firm but not icy. This salad is delicious when frozen in tray of mechanical refrigerator. Cut in slices and serve on heart lettuce with or without whipped cream mayonnaise or plain mayonnaise.

**Cooked Orange Sauce.**

MIX grated rind of ⅛ lemon, juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup orange juice, a few grains salt, 4 egg yolks and ½ cup sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Cool and serve.

**Orange Tea Muffins.**

MIX and sift 2 cups pastry flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons butter with tips of fingers. Moisten with ¾ cup milk. Grease small muffin pans. Mix 2 tablespoons melted butter with 1 tablespoon orange juice, ⅓ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Put a spoonful of the orange mixture in each muffin pan and cover with a little ball of dough. Repeat, having the dough on top. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 475 degrees, for 10 or 12 minutes.

**Orange Amber Marmalade.**

SELECT 1 extra large orange, 1 lemon and 1 grapefruit with thick smooth perfect skin. Remove peel and slice it very thin. Parboil it three times as follows: add 1 quart cold water to the thinly sliced skin, bring to boiling point, cook for 5 minutes, discard water after each boiling. Drain. Cut the pulp into thin slices, removing seeds and "rag" or white membrane. Combine pulp and drained, parboiled peel. Weigh fruit mixture. Allow three times as much water as fruit mixture. Boil rapidly for 40 minutes before measuring or weighing for sugar. Weigh. Add an equal weight of sugar to the boiled fruit mixture. Boil for 25 minutes or until jelly stage is reached. If a very thick marmalade is desire'd, boil longer but watch carefully to prevent scorching. Let stand until slightly cool. Then stir to distribute fruit evenly. Pour into hot sterilized jars or glasses. These quantities will give about 12 or 14 glasses of marmalade.

## Appetizing Menus for the Week

*By Mary Lee Swann*

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs with Bacon, Gems, Coffee. | Fruit, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee. | Fruit, Hot Cereal, Popovers, Bacon, Coffee. | Fruit, Cereal, Omelet, Toast, Coffee. | Fruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Shad Roe or Baked Eggs with Bacon, Rolls, Coffee. | Fruit, Hot Cereal, Fried Eggs, Buttered Toast or Toast Melba, Coffee. | Fruit, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef, Whole Wheat Muffins, Coffee. |
| *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Dinner* |
| Macaroni with Corn, Beet Salad, French Dressing, Butterscotch Roll, Tea. | Celery with Cheese, Ice Box Graham Rolls, Radish and Young Onion Salad, French Dressing, Date Surprise. | String Beans (Mexican Style), Buttered Noodles, Reheated Rolls, Carrot Marmalade, Banana Cream Pie. | Cream of Vegetable Soup (Left-Overs), Cherry, Nut and Cheese Salad, Rolls, Cocoa. | Cream of Vegetable Soup (Left-Overs), Cherry, Nut and Cheese Salad, Rolls, Cocoa. | Cold Lamb, Vegetable Casserole, Apple Sauce with Banana Gingerbread, Tea. | Fruit Cup or Aurora Soup, Roast Beef, Browned Potatoes, Gravy, Buttered Brocilli, Vegetable Salad in Tomato Aspic, Chives Dressing, Peach Melba. |
| *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner (Company)* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Supper* |
| Baked Pork Chops with Apple Rings, Steamed Brown Rice, Cream Gravy, Asparagus and Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Sponge with Cream, Honey Hearts. | Nut Roast, Brown Gravy, New Potatoes and Green Peas, Shredded Cabbage with Sour Cream Dressing, Pineapple Tapioca. | New England Boiled Dinner (Corned Beef, Carrots, Yellow Turnips, Onions and Cabbage), Southern Corn Sticks, Apple Whip. | Baked Ham, Brussels Sprouts, Sweet Potatoes with Canned Figs, Tomato with Raw Spinach, French Dressing, Jellied Gingered Pears, Honey Hatchets or Hearts. | Braised Shoulder of Lamb with Spaghetti, Cauliflower Platter with Green Peas, Carrots and Asparagus, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Prune Trifle. | Tomato-Sauerkraut Cocktail, Smothered Veal Cutlets with Gravy, Baked Squash, Celery and Cucumber Salad (Fresh Cucumbers or Relish), Rhubarb Pie. | Onions (Swiss Style), Rye Gems, Favorite Jelly, Spice Cup Cakes with Vinegar Frosting. |

## American Weekly Patterns

**Pattern 3033**—A "FROCK-N'-JACKET" COSTUME WHOSE EVERY LINE POINTS TO CHIC! Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3151**—"BRA" FRONT, LOW BACK AND SHADOW-PROOF—THE CORRECT SLIP FOR SHEERS! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3012**—FOR A QUICK GOOD-MORNING GET INTO A COAT FROCK WITH A PERKY RUFFLE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅞ yard contrasting.

**Pattern 3185**—"LITTLE GIRLS IN GATHERS GO"—DAINTY FROCK AND BLOOMERS. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3184**—A LITTLE SHIRRING DOES A LOT FOR THIS DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON FROCK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

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"IT KEEPS THE PORCELAIN AND TILE IN MY KITCHEN AND BATH WHITER THAN ANY OTHER CLEANSER—BESIDES PRESERVING THE LUSTRE OF THE ENAMELED SURFACE."
"I HAVE NO FEAR OF SCRATCHES (THANKS TO SEISMOTITE) AND MY HANDS, THOUGH QUITE SENSITIVE, HAVE NEVER BEEN INJURED BY USING OLD DUTCH."
"NO MORE AM I 'PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH' BY BUYING A SO-CALLED CHEAP CLEANSER. I BUY OLD DUTCH."

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This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Your iron fairly glides. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

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Your free sample of Quick Elastic, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

LEG OF LAMB AND LOIN OF PORK

Here's a tip! Sprinkle a heaping teaspoonful of *Bell's* Seasoning over the leg of lamb or loin of pork before roasting. This adds the chef's touch—gives a new spicy zest to lamb and pork. And have you tried the new *Bell's Prepared Dressing* for stuffing poultry, meat and fish! It's ready to use! Costs only 15c. (Bell's Seasoning, 10c. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping). Send for free recipe booklet of Cooking Secrets. Write, Dept. C 2, Wm. G. Bell Co., 189 State St., Boston, Mass.

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Is your skin pimply, rashy or easily irritated? Then start using **Cuticura Soap** now. Containing medicated, emollient and healing properties, it soothes and comforts tender, sensitive skins and does much to keep them clear, healthy and in a vigorous condition.

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That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

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Dr. Lyon's keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

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